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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS $1.25 Per [illegible]

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SMETHPORT 18, ELDRED 3.

That's the Way Smethport Opened Up at Eldred Tuesday.

NINE RUNS IN THE SECOND INNING.

Played "Hoss" With the Angels—Coudersport Protests Game at Olean—Brief League Notes

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Smethport	1	0	1.000	Pt. Allegany	1	1	.500
Olean	1	0	1.000	Coudersport	1	1	.500
Austin	1	0	1.000	Eldred	0	3	.000

Accompanied by about 70 rooters Manager Morrison led his band of hopefuls to Eldred Tuesday afternoon and they demonstrated to the young men of the lowlands where they "got off at." The game was called at the end of the sixth inning with the score 18 to 3, Smethport in the big place.

Sasse of Smethport opened the game by plunking a nice one into A. Llewelyn's hands, which was dropped by that young man. Then Keefer knocked a long fly to right which was nailed. Servatius retired on a foul fly to Armstrong, Pase stealing third in the meantime. McCabe struck out just as Sasse made a daring dash for the plate.

Sweeney was Eldred's starter and sent up a fly which Servatius disposed of. Bernard drew a pass but was caught at second, Fuller to Studholme. Peters and Potter were so well treated by Umpire Platts in the matter of balls and strikes that with the assistance of J. Llewelyn's dinky hit and an error they both scored. Llewelyn was retired at second by Studholme. Right here let us state that a number of Mr. Platt's decisions were extremely lobsterical and that gentleman can pass some time very profitably studying the rule book. He is square all right, but should read up on the game.

Smethport opened the eventful second with Fuller at the bat. He stung one for a base, took second on an error, third on a passed ball and home on Studholme's single. Ed also made the circuit on an error. Young's out and Denning's hit. Denning came in on a steal and an out. Sasse slammed another one into center, Keefer and Servatius sent flies to right, all three were dropped. Then Peters made an error and McCabe reached first. Fuller hit a single and Studholme and Young two baggers, the result of this combination being six more runs, making a total of nine for the inning. Denning stopped the circus by popping a fly to Sweeney.

A base on balls, an error and a hit gave Eldred their last run in the second. Smethport scored once in the third and twice in the fifth. In the sixth with two men out and the bases full Servatius banged one into the tall grass in right field and the ball was not found until all four men had crossed the plate.

In the sixth inning Fuller gave a striking imitation of Rube Waddell. Three men were on bases and Sweeney at the bat—no one out. Fuller fanned the Eldred captain, also Bernard, while Tom Young disposed of the third man by touching home plate on Peter's bunt.

Smethport fans are enthusiastic over their team and from all appearances it will make 'em all hustle to win.

The score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, 2b	4	3	0	0	2	1
Keefer, 1st	5	3	1	4	0	1
Servatius, rf	6	2	3	1	0	0
McCabe, 3d	4	2	0	0	1	1
Fuller, p	4	2	2	0	2	0
Studholme, ss	4	2	3	0	1	0
Young, c	4	1	1	7	0	0
Denning, cf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Torrence, lf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Total	37	18	11	18	6	3

ELDRED	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sweeney, ss	4	0	0	2	1	1
Bernard, c	3	0	0	4	1	2
Peters, 1st	4	1	0	4	1	1
Potter, 2d-p	3	1	0	1	0	0
J. Llewelyn, lf	3	0	1	3	0	0
A. Llewelyn, cf	2	0	0	1	0	3
Armstrong, rf	2	0	2	1	0	2
Stoddart, 3d	2	1	0	0	1	1
Jessop, p-2d	3	0	2	2	1	1
Total	25	3	5	18	5	11

By Innings:

Smethport	0	9	1	0	2	6	—18
Eldred	2	1	0	0	0	0	—3

Earned runs—Smethport 4.
Base on balls—off Fuller 5; off Potter 4.
Struck out—by Fuller 8; by Jessop 1; by Potter 1.
Two base hits—Studholme, Young.
Home run—Servatius.
Stolen bases—Sasse 3, Keefer 2, Servatius, McCabe 2, Denning.
Hit by pitcher—Sasse, McCabe, Fuller.
Left on bases—Smethport 5; Eldred 9.
Passed balls—Bernard.
Umpire—Platts.

OLEAN-COUDERSPORT.

Olean defeated Coudersport at the former place Friday by a score of 11 to 4. The Leek Diggers were unable to solve Kellogg's delivery and both teams played a ragged fielding game. A special to the MINER says that Coudersport claims Olean forfeited the game by playing Kellogg, alleging that he is a paid man. Attorney C. G. Maynard of Coudersport sends the following tabulated score:

OLEAN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Turner, ss-c	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Miles, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

COUDERSPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Johnson, c	4	1	1	11	1	2
Holland, 3d	4	1	1	1	0	2
Devall, 1st	3	1	0	6	0	4
Clark, rf	4	1	0	1	1	1
Moran, 3d	4	0	1	3	3	0
Moffatt, ss	4	0	0	1	0	1
Parish, lf	4	0	0	0	0	1
Allen, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Drake, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	34	4	3	*23	6	11

*Donahue out, hit by batted ball.

Olean	0	0	3	1	3	0	2	2	*—11
Coudersport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4

Two base hits—Miles, Vollmer.
Three base hits—Vollmer.
Home run—True, Turner.
Hit by pitched ball—Kellogg, Devall.
Struck out—by Drake, 11; by Kellogg, 8.
Umpire—Norton.

COUDERSPORT VS. ELDRED.

The Coudersport Leek Diggers soused the Swamp Angels at Eldred in the white stuff Thursday last, thus opening their season a la Pittsburg. Although the error column is a trifle too corpulent it was an exciting game and the crowd was satisfied.

Not an Eldred man crossed the plate, but sleepy-eyed base running was to blame for this, as the boys from the swamp had at least two golden opportunities which were not improved.

During the first three innings exactly nine Diggers faced Pitcher Jessop and all were retired without a strike-out, both in and outfielders doing some neat stunts in ground and lofty tumbling. Not until the sixth inning did a Potter county man make the circuit. Clark opened that inning with a punky hit. Johnson singled to center, but Llewelyn allowed the ball to get away from him and Clark romped home with the first run. Holland dropped one into Sweeney's mit and Devall followed with a corking two-bagger which scored Johnson. Moran was retired on a foul fly and an instant later Devall was nailed on attempting to steal third by Bernard's superb throw.

Coudersport made two more in the eighth. Clark drew a pass to first after Allen had struck out and advanced a base on Johnson's clean single to left. Jessop made a wild pitch and Holland bumped the next one for a base, Clark and Johnson scoring. Holland stole second, but was nabbed at third. Devall was forced at second and the scoring was over.

Summary:

COUDERSPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Johnson, c	4	2	2	9	0	0
Holland, 3d	3	0	1	4	2	0
Devall, 1st	4	0	1	10	2	2
Moran, 3d	4	0	0	0	0	0
Moffatt, ss	4	0	0	0	2	0
Parish, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Drake, rf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Allen, cf	3	0	0	1	1	1
Clark, p	3	2	1	0	4	1
Totals	31	4	5	27	14	4

ELDRED	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bernard, c	3	0	0	6	2	0
Potter, 3d	4	0	1	3	2	0
Llewelyn J., lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Sweeney, ss	4	0	1	3	3	1
Murphy, 2d	4	0	0	2	0	0
Peters, 1st	4	0	2	7	0	1
Jessop, p	3	0	0	0	2	1
Armstrong, rf	2	0	0	1	1	1
Llewelyn A., cf	3	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	31	0	4	24	11	5

By innings:

Coudersport	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	*—4
Eldred	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Base on balls—off Jessop 1; Clark 2.
Struck out—by Jessop 4; Clark 5.
Hit by pitcher—Armstrong.
Stolen bases—Sweeney 2, Johnson 2, Holland.
Two base hit—Devall.
Three base hit—Potter.
Umpire—Platts.

AUSTIN-PORT ALLEGANY.

The first game for Austin was played at that place Tuesday with Port Allegany and resulted in a score of 9 to 8 in favor of Austin. The Indians fought hard for the Hicks' scalps and up to the ninth inning the game was theirs. That inning they lost their nerves and they met defeat.

Hazelhurst Wins Again.

—The Hazelhurst Gun Club came down here last Friday and won another victory from the Smethport Gun Club by a score of 232 to 206 out of a possible 350 for each team. In the first half the visitors beat us nine birds and in the second nineteen. Day, a new man in the Hazelhurst club, did the banner shooting, making 43 out of a possible 50. Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT.
String No. 1.

Baker	01011	11110	00110	11001	01000	—13
Bouton	10011	11010	10011	11110	01110	—16
Hamlin	11010	01001	01010	10111	10001	—14
Burdick	10000	11010	01010	10100	11010	—11
Bacon	01111	00000	01110	11100	01110	—13
Backus	01111	11111	11000	11011	10011	—18
Walsh	01000	11111	10110	11010	01110	—15

HAZELHURST.
String No. 1.

Brown	11111	11010	01110	00101	11000	—16
Van Gordon	11111	11010	00100	11111	11111	—18
Campbell	00111	10111	11111	10110	11000	—17
Estry	01010	11001	11100	10110	11011	—15
McKenzie	01101	11111	11101	10111	10011	—19
Day	11111	11010	11111	11111	11110	—22
Farner	11001	10100	11000	11000	00010	—11

SMETHPORT.
String No. 2.

Baker	11100	11010	10111	01101	01010	—15
Bouton	01100	11110	00101	01100	11111	—14
Hamlin	00001	01111	00100	10011	01110	—12
Burdick	00111	10111	11111	10100	10000	—15
Bacon	11100	11000	10011	00011	00011	—13
Backus	00011	00111	10111	11100	11011	—16
Walsh	01010	10001	00110	00100	11001	— 9

HAZELHURST.
String No. 2.

Brown	01011	01101	10111	11111	11110	—19
Van Gordon	10111	01011	11110	10101	00111	—16
Campbell	11111	00011	00110	01111	11110	—17
Estry	11110	01110	10011	11010	10111	—15
McKenzie	00011	10000	01010	01101	01111	—14
Day	11110	11111	11110	11001	11111	—21
Farner	01000	10000	01100	00011	11001	—11

After the shoot the visitors were entertained very pleasantly at the Central Club until Landlord Bacon had prepared an elegant spread for the clubs. The dinner was one of this popular hostelry's best productions and was hugely enjoyed by all. The visitors returned home feeling well pleased over their victory and the Smethport's entertainment. [illegible]

CHAS. WAGONER KILLED AT BRADFORD.

14-Year-Old Boy the Victim of a Bullet Fired from an Old Rifle in the Hands of Elmer Graham.

IT OCCURRED SUNDAY MORNING.

Graham Admitted His Guilt While Confined in the Bradford Lockup—Two Other Men Under Arrest.

Charles Wagoner, a 14-year-old boy was shot and fatally wounded by Elmer Graham in Bradford early last Sunday morning.

Young Wagoner, in company with Tom Barr, John and George Kimick and "Jinks" Storey, were reclining on the porch of Ed Dolliver's unoccupied house on Washington street in the vicinity of the old ball grounds. According to the story of one of the boys, they were drinking beer and listening to the sounds of a disturbance in a house across the street, occupied by Isaac Mastin and wife and several boarders. It is said that Mastin was wrangling with one of the boarders over the non-payment of a bill and that the several men in the house, who had been drinking, were more or less excited and quarrelsome.

During the row one of the windows in Mastin's house was broken by a stone thrown against it. Soon after Elmer Graham appeared on the porch of Mastin's house with a 44-calibre rifle and fired into the group of boys on Dolliver's porch, about 100 feet distant.

But one shot was fired. It struck Wagoner in the left thigh and ploughed through his abdomen to the right side. The boy exclaimed "I'm hit," and arose to his feet. Barr, who lay along side of him, and narrowly escaped the same bullet, examined the injured lad and sent for a physician.

Wagoner was able to walk with assistance to his home which was in the vicinity, but was very faint and sick.

Dr. McCallum was soon in attendance upon the patient and the police having been called to the scene of the affray placed Isaac Mastin, Elmer Graham and Jere Ryan under arrest.

Abner Wagoner, father of the boy, who was in the lockup at the time on a petty charge, was liberated and permitted to go to his home. His wife had objected to the removal of the wounded lad to the hospital, but the father agreed to this and thither he was taken. Subsequently Dr. McCallum operated surgically upon the patient and found in Wagoner's intestines 18 perforations. The ball, which was found in the place above indicated, was given to Chief Murray. It is a large, old-fashioned lead missile and the terrible injury which it inflicted left no doubt as to the result of the shooting.

All day Sunday the boy suffered great pain, his cries being pitiful. Death came to his relief about 8:45 Sunday evening.

The three men arrested were taken to the lock-up. Mastin said that Graham did the shooting, using a rifle which had been an heirloom in Mastin's father's family, and which about a week ago had been brought from Angelica, N. Y., Mastin's former home. Graham at first denied the charge, but later broke down and confessed that he fired the shot to scare the boys and had no intention of hitting anyone.

Young Wagoner told Officer Foust that "Jinks" Storey went to Mastin's house prior to the shooting and tried to get something to drink and that after being driven out of the house broke a window with a stone. Storey says he visited the house, but was not favorably received, and that Graham got the rifle and threatened to shoot him. He denies all knowledge of how the window was broken.

At 11 o'clock Monday forenoon Coroner Hall empanneled a jury consisting of J. W. Siggins, foreman; J. P. Thayer, E. R. Sherman, W. A. McCafferty, Delevan Emery and Frederick Elliott. The inquest was held in the council rooms and the jury after viewing the remains at Lane's undertaking rooms listened to the testimony of witnesses. District Attorney Melvin represented the Commonwealth and Attorney Merton L. Willis appeared for the defense. The verdict rendered was "That Charles Wagoner came to his death from a gun shot wound through his body, caused by a bullet fired from a rifle in the hands of one Elmer Graham."

Charles Wagoner's funeral was held Tuesday at the family home on Washington street. The boy is described as a bright lad, who always behaved himself fairly well. Frank Wagoner, who was killed by Calvin Hancock a number of years ago, was an uncle of Charles.

Elmer Graham is an intelligent appearing young man, about 23 years of age and is said to come from a good family, residing at Angelica, N. Y. His father is reputed to be worth considerable money. Graham came to Bradford about a week before the shooting and was employed excavating for the foundation of a new building. He appears to feel his trouble keenly.

At a preliminary hearing held Tuesday Jere Ryan was held as an accomplice of Graham in the shooting of Wagoner.

Celebrated Their Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage Monday afternoon, receiving their friends at their pleasant home on King street. The house was tastefully decorated, a novel use of smilax with tinsel giving a beautiful effect in the evening. Pink roses were artistically arranged and great masses of beautiful peonies added their richness of color. Awnings decorated with greens, bunting and Japanese lanterns covered the walk from the street to the entrance of the reception hall; chairs were placed on the porch and on the carpeted lawn, and there was a tent where pretty girls dispensed punch and cigars to the departing guests. The Mandolin Club rendered delightful music in the evening. The host and his charming bride of twenty-five years met their guests in the east parlors with that easy courtesy and genuine hospitality which makes each visitor feel thoroughly at home. There were many beautiful and expensive gifts, including silver, cut glass, hand painted china and linen. Refreshments were served in the dining room and altogether this affair met the expectations of all who are acquainted with the ideal way in which Mr. and Mrs. Gorton always entertain. There were many very handsome gowns worn by the ladies but space and a lack of knowledge of the intricacies of the feminine toilet forbids any attempt at description.

The MINER hopes to chronicle the celebration of the golden wedding of our fellow citizen and his wife. The following is a list of guests from out of town:

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Renwick, Mr. and Mrs. William Flint, Judge and Mrs. Norton of Friendship, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Ned Renwick, Cuba; Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Church, Wellsville; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Davis, Mrs. Clinton Foster, Bradford; Miss Alice Cubbison, New Castle, Pa.; Miss Mary Dibble, Passaic, N. J.; Sheridan Gorton, Jr., New York.

The assisting matrons were Mesdames D. C. Young, J. W. Bouton, H. C. Wells, Z. F. Weisz, S. R. Lindsley, S. A. Powell, D. M. Brasted and C. H. Foster.

The young ladies who helped in serving and entertaining were Miss Wright, Miss Lucy Wright, Miss Mitchell, Miss Gallup, Miss Smart, Miss Keenan, Miss Holder, Miss McCoy, Miss Rubin and Miss Camp.

G. B. B. A. Clambake.

The clambake of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association, for which preparations had been brewing for several days, came off yesterday at Burbank crossing according to schedule. Those not in attendance cannot realize what they missed, while all who were present will ever cherish the memory of this occasion as the one wholly enjoyable event of their lives.

The spread was simply superb—far beyond our ability to adequately describe—and the many encomiums bestowed on the culinary skill of Chef Hopkins and his able assistants were well deserved. Clam-chowder of the most delicious possible concoction, baked clams, baked blue fish, baked potatoes, baked chicken, sandwiches, watermelons and all the requisite accessories, and more, constituted the menu.

Each guest as he arrived at the picnic ground was met by a member of the reception committee and made to feel perfectly at home, filled up, contented and happy.

The entertainment consisted of speeches, songs, dances, acrobatic feats, music by the Smethport band, etc. The stellar attraction, however, was the prize cake walk, in which the contestants were Col. B. F. Wright and partner, Miss Sam Porter, and E. T. Daly and partner, Miss Eddie Bruner. The judges were unable to decide which of the couples was entitled to the prize until a second trial was had. Then the extreme agility of Col. Wright and the sylph-like grace of Sam Porter prevailed and the chairman of the judging committee, "Bob" Edgett, after an extremely amusing speech, presented the lucky couple with the prize.

At six o'clock the party broke up and the merry revellers departed for their respective homes, unanimously voting the G. B. B. A. the most royal of entertainers.

Remember the Fourth

is no fourth unless you have ice cream and ice cream is not ice cream unless it's made in a Shepard Lightning Ice Cream Freezer—the kind we sell. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs, [illegible] oak side board [illegible] to F. G. Lindholm. [illegible]

Subscribe for the MINER. [illegible]

A BRAKEMAN BADLY HURT.

Lewis Porter Falls Under an Engine at Kane on Monday.

FOOT CRUSHED AND HIP DISLOCATED

Taken to Kane Hospital—Hopes for His Recovery.

An accident occurred in the yards of the B., B. & K. and B. & O. Rys. at Kane, shortly after noon on Monday, that came very near causing the death of Lewis Porter, a brakeman on Conductor David Barr's train and a well-known Smethport young man.

The crew was doing some switching and Porter was standing on the rear of the engine while it was backing slowly up to the train which was near the depot. When they were near the train Porter, who was to make the coupling, stepped on the link, which turned with him, throwing him on the track in front of the tender.

The unfortunate young man realized his impending danger and made a desperate effort to get off the track, but before he could clear himself the engine was on him and he grasped the brake beam and tried to keep clear of the wheels in this manner, but he was soon caught and terribly injured.

Engineer Lyman stopped his engine as soon as possible and Porter was pulled from under the trucks. He was conscious and his suffering must have been intense. His left foot was crushed, the left hip dislocated and he was otherwise badly bruised and cut.

He was tenderly placed on a stretcher and carried to the Kane Summit Hospital where his wounds were dressed and his hip put in place. The shock was so severe that it was not deemed advisable to amputate his foot until later.

Mr. Porter has been a resident of this place for about five years and has been employed on the B., B. & K. for about two years. He is of a genial disposition and his many friends here are pained to know that if he survives he will be a cripple for life. He is improving as fast as possible and will probably recover unless blood poisoning sets in.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died, in Keating township, this county, on May 5, 1868, at the residence of Mr. Gardner Barrett (son-in-law of the deceased) John Cogswell, formerly of Griswold, Ct., aged 83 years and 19 days. Mr. Cogswell was for many years a member of the Presbyterian church at Griswold; an exemplary Christian of strict integrity and always respected; a kind husband, an indulgent father and a faithful friend. He left no son, but left three daughters, several grandchildren and many other relatives, all deeply regretting his loss. His wife, to whom he was married in early life, still survives, a well preserved woman; they had lived together in the marital state at the time of his decease for 66 years in uninterrupted harmony. He was the descendant of an English family and his ancestors were among the first settlers of New England—his father having been one of those who did service in the cause of our country in the war of the Revolution of 1776.

—Wm. Ramer of Keating township met with an accident on Friday afternoon of last week which came near proving fatal. He was engaged in grabbing stumps with a hired man and a pair of oxen. A stump was being tipped over by means of a lever which the men had hold of and a chain clasped around the top of it at the end of which the oxen were pulling on the opposite side. The stump had been raised so high that it just poised and the lever was of no further use, when suddenly the chain slipped off the top of it and the stump fell back, striking the end of the lever under it and throwing up the end where the men stood so spitefully as to knock them both senseless. Mr. Ramer was hit under the lower jaw causing two fractures and knocking most of his teeth out. He was very seriously injured, but it is thought he will recover. The hired man had his upper teeth knocked out, his nose broken and his lips severely cut. He is said to be doing well.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle, writing from Chillicothe, says: I was in company recently with G. M. McMahill, who told the following remarkable story, the truth of which was vouched for by the other parties. Producing his pocketbook, Mr. McMahill took from that receptacle a small piece of well finished leather of remarkable fineness of texture. "That," said he, "is a piece of the tanned skin of Oliver P. Brown, son of that famous John Brown." "Can it be possible?" asked an excited [illegible] [illegible] ... railroad track near the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry. So soon as killed he was taken up, put in a box and shipped to the medical institution at Winchester, Va., to be used in the promotion of the professional training of Southern Esculapians. Upon the reception of the body the students of that school took off the hide, somewhat after the manner of skinning a beef, tanned it and had it manufactured into moccasins, which, in the most truly chivalric style, they delighted to use as ornaments of their "blooded" pedal extremities on all public occasions. The piece shown by Mr. McMahill was a scrap left from the cutting of these "Yankee skin" slippers and was procured in 1860 at the Winchester Medical Institute by Mr. McMahill while he was visiting some relatives in the vicinity of that place. It was voluntarily presented to him by one of the students, who after a triumphant parade and bloviating description of the processes by which they were produced, heroically exclaimed, "That's the way we serve the d——d Yankees when ye come 'mongst us an' don't walk afteh our style."

Married, at Portville, N. Y., on Wednesday, May 27, 1868, by Rev. Wm. Blake, Mr. Almon Scott and Miss Olive Irons, all of Keating township, McKean county.

A few weeks ago Thaddeus Stevens was asked his opinion of the impeachment trial of President Johnson. His reply was characteristic. He said it was "the meanest trial before the meanest tribunal of the meanest man in the world."

On Monday morning men came running into town after our hunters, stating that a bear had been driven into the woods on the flat front of Mr. Rockwell's residence on Potato creek, about a mile from this borough. Of course every man who had a gun and some who hadn't started in pursuit of the bear. The woods were quickly surrounded and in less than an hour from the time the alarm was first given the bear was shot, first by John Oviatt, a boy perhaps 14 years of age, and then fatally by Llewellyn Sartwell of this borough, who cannot be over 16 years old. As luck would have it, our old hunters and crack shots didn't find the bear. Although but a yearling this bear had committed a number of depredations among the sheepfolds of that neighborhood and his death will not be regretted.

THE BUCKTAILS.

They Hold Their Reunion at Harrisburg—Election of Officers.

A Harrisburg dispatch dated June 26, says: Symbol of the most deadly marksmanship of the war-stricken years when Lincoln sat in the Presidential chair and Curtin governed at Harrisburg, the bucktail waved valiantly over the second day of the "round-up" of the Pennsylvania Reserves. The annual reunion of the famous regiment which came raft-borne to the State capital from the mountains of the northwestern counties in response to Curtin's calls, was a notable event in the final period of this most successful assemblage of veterans. Such men as Thomas L. Kane, who brought the riflemen down in answer to the War-Governor's summons; Charles J. Biddle, Hugh McNeill, Charles Frederick Taylor, W. R. Hartshorne and E. A. Irvin, to whom the survivors look with devoted veneration, have commanded the Old Bucktails at different periods of their battle-marked career. At the meeting in the court house yesterday it was decided that a handsome stone tablet shall be placed on the spot where Colonel Taylor was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The memory of the man who led the Bucktails in that fierce fight is now preserved there by an iron cross and a committee was named to make the necessary arrangements and collect the funds for a more fitting monument.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of Lewis Hoover of Lock Haven, president; Henry C. White, Kennett Square, vice president; Col. Irvin, treasurer; William H. Rauch of Philadelphia, secretary, and Mrs. Rauch, assistant secretary.

Gen. S. M. Jackson of Apollo, ex-Senator William Penn Lloyd of Mechanicsburg, Col. R. M. Henderson of Carlisle, Maj. H. S. Lucas of Williamsport, Norman D. Gray of West Chester, M. M. Larrabee of Emporium, J. K. Morrison of Emporium, H. L. Backus of Smethport, Capt. A. J. Fager of Harrisburg, and I. B. Norris of Curwensville were elected honorary members of the association.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Once Again

[illegible] to remind you that we are sole agents for the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator, the best on the market. The [illegible] everybody's pocket-[illegible] [illegible]

COMRADES

By

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Anice made a face at her image in the glass, saying as she shook a dainty fist at it: "You idiot! Why don't you make yourself look as ugly as you feel?"

"I think, my dear," Aunt Margaret said, sticking her head through the open door behind it, "it is because vanity is a trifle strong with you that you don't want to marry Charley Cliffe. I know you don't want him to—and you a bright—"

"Isn't it horrible, being so vain, with one's whole future in the balance?" Anice said, trying hard to be tearful. Aunt Margaret only laughed. "After a little she said with twinkling eyes: "I have always thought vanity was among the heaven implanted instincts which help to save women from themselves. Now I am sure of it."

"What do you mean?" Anice cried. "Surely you don't, you can't, think I'm shamming?" Again Miss Gordon laughed and said: "Not consciously, my dear. The truth is I think you resent the fact that you have no choice in this made-to-order hutch."

"Well, wouldn't that gall any girl with the spirit of a mouse?" Anice demanded. Miss Gordon looked thoughtful. "It is unfortunate, as I see it," she said. "That, however, does not alter facts. Instead of cultivating a hostile mind, you had much better be fair. Remember, it is not the young man's fault. The blame, if blame there is, lies wholly with old Mme. Boynton. She wanted her fortune to go to you two, her step-grandchildren, the sole descendants of her two husbands. Besides, I think she reasoned that as Charley, whom she petted, would certainly marry somebody, it was just as well to put him in the way of marrying you."

"So if I say 'No' he gets the whole fortune, whereas he may relinquish me and keep two-thirds of it," Anice said. "Aunty, I have the greatest mind to stain my face and dye my hair red, and wear a grass green gown and a yellow stock—"

"A rainbow would become you ever so much better," some one said, coming through the door—some one tall and slim, with merry eyes and firm, muscular hands. He went straight up to Anice and kissed her upon both cheeks, saying: "Stars and garters! What a beauty you have turned out to be! Why didn't I come straight to see you? Nan dear, I'm in the doghouse, aloonal. I've gone and courted another girl without ever giving you a chance—"

"Oh, how jolly!" Anice cried. "With all that nonsense out of the way I am awfully glad to see you. I remember you as a red, nice boy ever so many years back."

"I think you were a fairish, and I know you were ugly," Cliffe said, his eyes twinkling. "That's why I made up to the other one. What have you done to yourself? The girl I left behind me was sallow and scrawny and green eyed, with no hair to speak of, and fingers like talons—"

"And just up from six weeks of fever," Anice interrupted, shaking a tipp of yellow brown curls at him. "I have spent an hour a day ever since forgetting how I looked just then. If I had known how faithfully you remembered—"

"Well, what?" Cliffe asked as she made a tentative pause.

"Oh, nothing," Anice returned. "I almost said I would have made myself live up to your recollections."

Cliffe laughed, then ran on: "Now that under old Granddad's nightmare or it will we have duly arrived at years of indiscretion, let's settle money matters out of hand. I'm going to relinquish you in the presence of witnesses. You may marry whom you please for all of me. I shall also give you half the money—"

"But I think you are always—" Anice interrupted, dimpling all over her rosy face. "And you'll stay here a month, and we'll be like best comrades doing. You'll tell me all about your sweetheart—"

"On one condition," Cliffe broke in. "That you get engaged to somebody before I go away."

"You are a trifle unreasonable," Anice said with a softly brilliant smile. "I want to be free, free as air, for six whole months—before I even think of bondage."

Comrades the two became, comrades so close and congenial—Miss Gordon looked after them sometimes with eyes that were not quite clear. "They were made for each other and will find it out too late," she said in her heart. Outwardly she kept silence. Fate had taken up the cards, and she had no mind to try cutting the deal.

Cliffe spoke often of his betrothed, but always vaguely—she was as high as his heart, her eyes the color he loved best in all the world. When the wedding day was set Anice and Aunt Margaret should know. He had no sort of doubt they would come to love his sweetheart as she so well deserved. Now and again he gave them messages out of her letters. Anice was insanely curious to read one of the letters through, but Cliffe would never agree to it.

The month was almost ended. Next to the last day of it Cliffe rode with Anice up Round Top to watch the sun go down. It was Indian summer weather, with all the air full of warm haze and dead ripe autumn scents. They went slowly, he leaning toward the girl all up the long slope. At the top he dismounted and held out his arms to her, saying a little huskily: "Come! I will carry you to the very tip of the rocks."

Anice felt him tremble as she slipped into his arms. Her own heart beat furiously—she was beginning to find out what his presence or his absence would mean in her life. But she smiled back at him bravely when at last they stood hand in hand upon the craggy pinnacle. The sun sank, a globe of crimson, filling the whole world with rosy radiance. In that transfiguring illumination Anice had the face of an angel, serene, transparent to inner light. Cliffe laid his hand softly over hers and said very low: "It is hard to go down from all this to utter darkness." As he felt her shiver faintly he went on: "Anice, must a man suffer his whole life long because of a mistake?"

"I do not know what you mean," Anice said untruthfully, turning away her telltale eyes. Cliffe caught both her hands. "I think you do know," he said: "Anyway, you know we love each other. Now, the question is, What shall we do?"

"Easily answered—for you," Anice said, her lips trembling. "You are going away to keep your pledged word—"

"But you and my heart? There I leave both behind me?" Cliffe said very low, his voice thrilling strangely.

"I would not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more," Anice quoted almost under breath. "We are comrades," she ran on a little tremulously. "Comrades stand by each other, keep each other up to the mark—"

"Comrades indeed and sweethearts and shall be plighted lovers," Cliffe cried, catching her to him in a breathless clasp. "Anice, darling, forgive me. I deceived you. I said I had courted another girl and spoke the truth. But it was with the understanding that she refuse me. I had your picture, dearest—even that had taken me captive—but I knew you well enough to understand how little chance there was of making you love me if I appeared in the light of a necessary evil. I kept it up thus long because—well, because I wanted to find out how well you loved me. Dear heart, sweet one, will you forgive the comrade who tricked you because he feared to lose you?"

"I do not see anything to forgive," Anice said, nestling to him with a little happy smile.

Sol Smith Russell and the Dog.

Sol Smith Russell was once forced to accept the hospitality of a family where public manners were unknown and composure prevailed. The people were liberal hearted, though, and treated the actor generously.

For every favor received, for each dish passed or question asked Mr. Russell responded with a "Thank you" or other grateful acknowledgment.

This constant "Thank you" annoyed the host and his family. In desperation, they finally asked Mr. Russell to quit it.

"Impossible," said the actor. "I was taught to be grateful. A good habit is as hard to break as a bad one."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the man of the house, humiliated by the rebuke. "Nothing is impossible."

"Very well, then," said the comedian, using his famous nasal drawl. "You first prevent your dog from wagging his tail for food given or kind word spoken. Then I will omit my 'Thank you.'"

"I won't tell his dog's fall off for you or nobody," said the lady as he affectionately patted his dog's head.

"Very good, then I believe in the impossibilities," concluded Mr. Russell.—Boston Post.

A Wonderful Dream.

It was in the days of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, that a cobbler mounted a royal throne. As the duke was traveling one night to Bruges he came upon a man stretched upon the ground sound asleep, and bade his attendants carry him to the palace still on his rags and place him, robed in fine linen, in his own bed.

When the man awoke next morning he was addressed as "your highness" and astounded to find himself among such rich surroundings. In vain he protested that he was no prince, but a poor cobbler; they asked him what clothing he would wear, and at last conducted him splendidly dressed to mass in the ducal chapel. Every ceremony was observed throughout the day, the cobbler appeared in public in his new robe, was received on all sides by command of the duke with deep respect, and ended his brief reign in the palace with a grand supper and ball.

When presently he fell asleep he was reclothed in his rags and taken to the spot where he had been found when this practical joke was conceived. Waking in due time he returned home and related to his wife what he took to be his wonderful dream.

Silly Billy From Bolton.

In a certain town to the north of England there is a man known by the name of Silly Billy. Not feeling well one day, he sent for the doctor. After examination the doctor asked him if he would take a note to the Model Lodging house and he would give him sixpence. So Billy, not liking to refuse, said he would. But on the way there he came across a street sweeper that he knew. He told the sweeper where he was going, but he said if he would take the note he would give him threepence. So on he went and gave the landlord the note, and he found the following written:

"Give this man a bath and keep him in till tomorrow morning, and I will call and see him."

So the following morning the doctor came and was shown into his room. Looking at the man, he exclaimed:

"This is not the man I sent!"

"No, it's not, and I'll pound Silly Billy's head off when I see him!" the sweeper replied.—London Telegraph.

Precept and Example.

Johnny had come in with a story of a remarkable automobile he had just seen. He declared that it was "as big as a house!"

"Now, Johnny," said his father severely, "you know it was not as big as a house. Why do you exaggerate things so? I've talked to you a million times about that habit of yours, and it doesn't seem to do a bit of good."

Man Born Unto Trouble.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Philadelphia Press.

EARLY MORNING AIR.

Its Invigorating Effects Largely Due, It Is Said, to Dew.

Most people at some time in their lives probably have risen early enough to experience the bracing effect given by filling the lungs while dew is still on the grass. So far as analysis goes the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place.

There is a fall of temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn; and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also. The formation of dew has probably therefore far more profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water.

Dew is vitalizing not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which marks the early morning air has its origin in this way.

Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen, ozone or peroxide of hydrogen, whichever it may be, being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, wherein, as a rule, both rain and light can reach it.

Dew is probably essential to the well being of both plants and animals to a greater extent than is known.—New York American.

THE TYPHOON.

A Chinese Legend of the Origin of This Fierce Storm.

This very odd bit bally a Chinaman:

"A little schoolboy while on his way to school one day picked up what seemed to him a small white pebble. He put it into his pocket. It proved to be a snake egg, and in time through the heat of his pocket it hatched out a young reptile.

"The boy fell in love with it and carried it from day to day to school with him and fed it with a part of his own lunch until it became too big to be carried, when he made a nest for it at home.

"But one day it suddenly grew to enormous size, and upon the boy's arrival home he was frightened to death.

"When the monster saw what he had done he was sorely afflicted and refused to be fed, but immediately put on mourning by turning his color from brown to pure black. He crawled beside the grave of his departed friend and lay there for seven days and nights.

"At the completion of the seventh night he came back to his late home, but the boy's old mother was so enraged at him for killing her only son that she picked up an ax and chopped his tail off.

"With a fearful scream and a lash of his bleeding tail he filled the house and made his way to the Mah Soon San mountains, where he never shows himself but once a year, just about the time when he lost his tail, to come out and make trouble for the people by creating storms called the typhoon. This he does to square himself for losing his valuable tail."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

"A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power."—Diana of the Crossways" (George Meredith).

"Speaking to, or crying over, a husband never did any good yet."—"Plain Tales From the Hills" (Rudyard Kipling).

"Too many words be worse than not enough, for they'll often leave a man's meaning foggy."—"The River" (Eden Phillpotts).

"There's a saying that a man who can live quite happily alone must be one of two things, an angel or a demon."—"Sons of the Morning" (Eden Phillpotts).

"What can one say of the highest music except that, like death, it is the great leveler, it gathers us all to its tender keeping—and we rest."—"In Varying Moods" (Beatrice Harraden).

"The genius of hospitality is not so much in making people meet, but in helping them to part on good terms. Remember, that."—"The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham" (John Oliver Hobbes).

A Modern Cannery.

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. After the fish is cleaned automatic machines do nearly all the remainder of the work, even in some instances filling the cans with a motion for all the world like that of two human hands, one holding the can, the other crowding it full of raw fish. I shall not attempt to enter into a description of the machinery. The can of fish is started rolling on its way, and one has the impression that it continues to roll through machine after machine, hardly touched by human hands. It rolls into the cooker and out again, even rolls itself into a bright colored label, and finally somehow rolls into a packing box, ready to be loaded in the car waiting at the door.—Ray Stannard Baker in Century.

Would Look It.

Photographer—Beg pardon, sir, but can't you look a little less stern and severe?

Sitter—Never mind how stern I look. This photograph is for campaign use. I am a candidate for judge. Go ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

KITCHEN SUPERSTITIONS.

Why Most Cooks Always Stir Their Batter One Way Only.

"Take a good lump of fresh butter and roll it in flour, place it in a lined saucepan with a half pint of good, rich cream, stir it gently over a low fire, always the same way, till it begins to simmer."

This recipe for the making of melted butter is quoted from an old fashioned cookery book of a century ago, but the direction to stir "always the same way" is observed as religiously today as it was then, and probably will be for a thousand years to come.

All cooks of all nations stir not only the same way, but also from east to west, a sure indication that the practice originated with sun worshipers.

Speaking of stirring brings to mind that in most English households country ones at least the practice of the whole family joining to stir the Christmas plum pudding is still in vogue.

There are many peculiar, old fashioned superstitions connected with cooking.

For instance, in Scotland, when fat cakes are being baked it is still customary to break off a little piece and throw it into the fire.

At one time, whenever a baking was made, which, was perhaps once a month only—a cake was made with nine kinds out of it. Each of the company broke one off, and throwing it behind him, said, "This I give to thee; preserve thou my sheep," mentioning the name of a noxious animal—fox, wolf or eagle.

A roast pheasant is usually sent up with the tail feathers. This practice is a memorial of the days when a peacock was skinned before roasting and when cooked was sewed into its plumage again, its beak gilded and so served.

Tossing the pancake is another interesting food superstition. Formerly the master of the house was always called upon to toss the Shrove Tuesday pancake. Sadly he did it so clumsily that the contents of the pan found their way to the floor, when a fine was demanded by the cook. The custom is still kept up at Westminster school, where a pancake is tossed over the bar and scrambled for. The boy who secures it is rewarded with a guinea.

The origin of the cross on hot cross buns is a matter of dispute. There is little doubt, however, that before partly divided into four quarters were made long before the Christian era. At one time it was believed that bread baked on Good Friday would never grow moldy, and a piece of it grated was kept in every house, being supposed to be a sovereign remedy for almost any kind of ailment to which man is subject.

In many parts of England it is considered unlucky to offer a mince pie to a priest. It must be asked for.—Boston Journal.

Ancient Beds.

In ancient times the beds we read about were simply rugs, skins or thin mattresses which could be rolled up and carried away by the morning. At night they were spread on the floor, which in the better class of houses was of tile or plaster, and as the shoes were not worn in the house and the feet were washed before entering a room the floors were cleaner than ours. After a time a sort of bench, three feet wide, was built around two or three sides of the room about a foot above the floor and covered with a soft cushion. It was used during the day to sit or lounge on and as a sleeping place at night. The bench was sometimes made like a settee, movable and of carved wood or ivory.—London Standard.

Fashionable Chairs, Perhaps.

Squire Hanson's language seldom lacked vigor, but was often wanting in good sequence and sometimes in consistency.

"I've been over to talk with Arethusa Pond about selling that corner lot," he said one day to his wife, his ruddy face mottled with purple from some recent exertion, "and I'll never enter her parlor again, never. Not a chair in the room but which is impossible to sit down in, out of the question to get up from, and leaves you with such a cramp you can't move hand nor foot when you stand."—Youth's Companion.

No Sense of Proportion.

The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle, who had patiently paid the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist, "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

"Um! That may be, Charlie; but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one hundred egg?"—Youth's Companion.

The Great Porcelain Tower.

In 1430 A. D., after thirteen years of ceaseless labor and an expenditure of about $800,000, the Chinese government finished the wonderful porcelain tower at Nankin, which stood for nearly four and a quarter centuries, until 1854, the most marvelous building ever erected by human hands. It was of octagonal form, 200 feet in height, with nine stories, each having a cornice and a gallery without.

Cholly's Repartee.

"Cholly is so clevah at repartee!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Isn't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?"

"A sweat, howwid bwute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this state.' And Cholly answered wight off, 'I don't agwee with you!'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Physician's Afront.

"So you have decided to get another physician."

"I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"—Washington Star.

Maxims do the self made millionaire a great deal of good. It is such a diversion to formulate them after success has been achieved!—Norfolk Landmark.

Just a Bit Misty.

There had been half a dozen stories of thick fogs, but Captain Mansfield had waited his turn with patience. It came at last, and the other captains turned their weather beaten faces toward him with an expression of cheerful credulity.

"'Twas told me of a house setting pretty nigh the shore along halfway down the coast o' Maine," said Captain Mansfield. "I could show you the house if it came right. It has a curious lopsided portico on it, and one day I asked the man that lives there why it happened to be built that queer shape.

"Well," says he, 'the talk is that the man who lived here first had a cousin that was an architect up Boston way, and one time the feller was down here in a terrible foggy spell, and he was figuring out to his cousin how he could build a little portico of such and such dimensions, measuring out into the fog with his rule and so on.

"'Twas in the late afternoon, he went on next day by faith. The fog still held, and along in the morning the man that lived here happened to notice that the marks of the rule out into the fog were still plain, so as he couldn't go a-fishing he took some lumber and built the foundations of this portico. That queer jog that makes it lopsided is where the wind bore in on the fog, they say, and bent the rule marks in."—Youth's Companion.

A Wedding in Holland.

A Dutch wedding is a curious contrast to an English one. In Holland the wedding party enters the church two and two, the procession being headed by the bride and bridegroom. Forms are arranged in a semicircle round the pulpit, and there the young people with their friends and relatives seat themselves. The ceremony consists of the reading of a portion of Scripture and a long admonition to the bride and bridegroom, delivered extempore by the black gowned minister. The prayers are said through like the rest of the service, for it is against Calvinistic custom to kneel to pray. At the close of the service Bibles are presented to the young couple and to certain of their relatives. Then the marriage is registered. This free distribution of Bibles, which is made by the state, accounts for the very small sale there is for the Holy Scriptures in Holland.

Nuremberg.

Nuremberg, whose walls are reported to be showing signs of rapid decay, was once almost the richest and most famous town in Europe. The well known saying of Pope Pius II.—that a Nuremberg citizen was better off than a Scottish king—was justified by the accounts that have been preserved of the town and its burghers. In the fifteenth century there came from Nuremberg the first watches known as "Nuremberg eggs," the first cannon, the first gun lock, the first wire drawing machine, the clarionet, certain descriptions of pottery and the art of painting on glass. For some years its new defensive walls defended the liberty of the Teutonic against all enemies. Four hundred towers once topped the walls, but only about a third of them now remain.

The Millionaire Malady.

Men who have sacrificed health and youth, scrimped their families and injured their digestion in the acquirement of a "pile" often think they are public benefactors and that humanity in general owes them a debt of gratitude for being so rich. In consequence they resent as cruel injustice the fatigue, chagrin and newspaper notoriety that money inevitably brings in its train. It would be about as consistent for a little boy who had gorged himself on purloined apples to feel injured when an avenging stomach ache followed gluttony.—Elliot Gregory in Century.

Our Eccentric Phrases.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings? Who puts on shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his pocket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases at times.

The Quail in France.

In France the quail is called the bird of prophecy, this from an idea that the number of its calls foretells the price of wheat. If he calls twice without resting the farmer expects but 2 francs per bushel for his grain; if the bird calls four times he expects to realize twice the price which two calls insure.

His Particular Line.

"That new man of yours," said the proprietor of the store to the department manager, "seems to be a mighty hard worker."

"Yes," replied the latter; "that is his specialty."

"What—working?"

"No—sequins."—Syracuse Herald.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband—I've told you that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face.

Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

Two Efforts.

"I never send out a story for publication," said Dullpath, the realist, "without first having slept over it."

"I don't believe I've ever read one of them either without doing the same thing," returned Hawley.

Sweet Content.

Blobbs—Sillions is very proud of his lineage, isn't he?

Slobbs—Yes; he would rather have ancestry than make a name for himself.—Philadelphia Record.

People would be more willing to take their whippings if the fact could be concealed that they were getting one.—Atchison Globe.

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MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,
LIME,
WALL PLASTER,
BRICK,
DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,
LUMBER,
SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,
SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 2, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Coudersport's new bank opened for business yesterday.

—Read Holmes & Gilfillan's new advertisement this week.

—Fry & Herzog have a change of advertisement this week.

—Roulette is to have another glass window factory. It will be of 24 blower capacity and co-operative.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday morning Rev. P. S. Calvin will speak on "The Pleasures of the Sanctuary." His evening subject will be, "Freedom."

—We are pleased to note that J. F. Robinson has been elected captain of Company C, 16th regiment, N. G. P. Mr. Robinson is a popular newspaper man of Bradford.

—At a recent meeting of the Keating Township School Board the following teachers were elected for the East Smethport Schools: Grammar School, Miss Mosier; Intermediate, Miss McGill; Primary, Miss Cantwell.

—Johnsonburg borough council has made a verb out of the proper noun Pennypacker, and is now strenuously insisting that all dogs running at large should be pennypackered during the months of July and August.—Press.

—"A True Patriot" is the pastor's subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "The Declaration of Children's Independence" is the morning subject. The ordinance of baptism will be administered at the opening of the morning service.

—Wm. J. Ryan a young man well known in Renovo, was shot and killed Thursday night by Night Watchman Michael Crowley at that place. The deed occurred in front of the First National bank and according to the officer's statement he shot in self defense.

—Last week a Clermont correspondent sent us an account of a ball game, but forgot two things and for that reason we did not give it space. First he forgot to give the score or tell which team won the game. We are always willing to publish such news but we want it in proper shape or at least so we can fix it up for publication.

—Justices of the peace are hereby warned that the United States pension agency at Pittsburg, Pa., will reject all vouchers executed by them, unless they comply strictly with the act of Assembly approved April 23, 1903, requiring them to use a seal described in section 2 and that date of expiration of commission be given. Aldermen, being ex-officio justices of the peace, will be required to comply with said act.

—In the long drawn out case of the Borough of Austin against the Potter Water Company the jury returned a verdict favorable to the borough last Monday morning. The Water Company at once gave notice of appeal. If this judgment is affirmed in the higher courts the Water Company will lose its charter. It was a hard fought and well-tried case.—Potter Enterprise.

—Mrs. Miles O'Rourke, who lives near Clearfield, Pa., was robbed of nearly $2000 on Monday. A tramp called at her house and asked for something to eat and while she was getting it he struck her on the head, bound and tortured her until she revealed the hiding place of the money. Clearfield county authorities have offered $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the robber.

—On account of the Imperial Council Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, to be held at Saratoga, N. Y., July 7 to 10, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Saratoga from all stations on its lines, on July 6 and 7, good to return until July 20, inclusive, at rate of a single fare for the round trip. A stop-over will be allowed at Philadelphia and Baltimore on tickets reading via those points within final limit of July 7 going and July 20 returning, on deposit of tickets with station agent immediately on arrival.

—A meeting of the McKean County Humane Society will be held at the Epworth Chapel Tuesday evening, July 7, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. The county organizer, Miss Driscoll, of Bradford, Pa., will speak in behalf of those who can not speak for themselves. Miss Driscoll is well informed in this work and, in her talk, will be able to throw much light on the dark places within the borders of McKean county. Miss Welles will speak on Audubon and the work of the Audubon Society of New York State. Be sure to come and hear all about this great movement that is being carried forward in the interest of the helpless. Admission free.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between George W. Shilenn and Henry M. Torrence, under the firm name of Shilenn & Torrence, was on June 10, 1903, dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are payable to George W. Shilenn, to whom all bills owed by the late firm are to be presented for payment.

GEORGE W. SHILLENN,
HENRY M. TORRENCE.

Carriages for Sale.

One Canopy top Surrey.
Top Buggies, Road Wagons.
Rubber-tire Runabout.
Slat bottom and solid bottom Road Wagons.
Arnold Pat. Steel Wheel Farm Wagon.
If you want anything on wheels see Palmer before you purchase.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., June 17, 1903.-8t

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. George Otto were called to Mt. Jewett last Saturday owing to the serious illness of their daughter Mrs. Lena Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ogilvie and children, formerly of Port Allegany, have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tanner.

John Brockham and George Beebe, who have been employed in West Virginia for a few months, arrived home last Friday.

Mrs. Georgia Munily and infant daughter, Agnes, of Smethport spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in this place.

The ball team of our noble youngsters played with the Smethport youngsters last Friday and were defeated.

Everid Spencer, who is employed at Simpson, spent last Sunday with his parents in town.

Cale Ferris, who has been employed at Depew, N. Y., was seen in our vicinity recently.

Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Henry Otto were shopping at Smethport Saturday.

F. C. Olds of Olean was seen in this place last Thursday.

Marvin Reed of Clermont was visiting relatives recently.

Dolly Madison.

There are many stories told of the tact and kindliness of Mistress Dolly Madison when she was the first lady of the land. Her ready wit saved from confusion many a visitor to the White House who was not accustomed to the ways of polite society.

One of the most amusing of the stories is the tale of a country lad at a White House reception who was surprised in the midst of his enjoyment of a cup of coffee by the approach of his hostess. In his confusion the poor boy dropped his saucer and thrust the cup into his pocket.

Mistress Dolly, who, although her eyes were keen and searching, never saw anything that it was not intended she should see, chatted away with her guest so pleasantly of the weather, the crowd, and finally of the young man's mother, whom she had known or heard of, that he recovered from his embarrassment and was soon at ease and ready to accept the fresh cup of coffee which his hostess ordered, despite a certain curious and unexplained bulge in his pocket.

Fire Horses as Pets.

The horses of the New York fire department receive more petting probably than any other horses in the world. In nearly every engine house each of the stalls bears the name of the horse occupying it, in large black letters on aluminum, marking the quarters of Tom, Harry, Dick or Major, as the case may be. The firemen are proud of their dumb friends and not only do everything possible to make them comfortable when they are off duty but take pleasure in providing them with little luxuries and tidbits. Loaf sugar, nougat and other candies are purchased by one fireman or another in each engine house almost every day, and passersby may often see the horses eating the sweets from the hands of their men friends.

All Was Well.

The old Bridewell burying ground in England is the resting place of Mme. Creswell, so often mentioned by Charles II. dramatists, who died in Bridewell prison and left £10 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral on condition that nothing should be said of her but what was well. The preacher got out of the difficulty rather neatly by saying: "All that I shall say of her is this: She was born well, she lived well, and she died well, for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

Clerical Life In Fiction.

Bishops do not often figure in the modern novel. When they do appear it is for the purpose of supplying "comic relief." Deans escape fairly lightly; the dean of fiction has no worse vice than a "scholarly stoop" and an inveterate fondness for gossip. On the other hand, the archdeacon—in novels—is rubicund, fussy and self important. While the rector may be a hearty sort of idiot, with a bluff and breezy manner, if you want a real clerical villain he is invariably a vicar.—Treasury.

Not an Authority.

"You don't pronounce that word right," said the stranger, who was doing his first fishing in a northern Wisconsin lake. "Webster calls it 'muskellunge.'"

"I never heerd of Webster," fiercely retorted the old guide, "but I'm willin' to bet he never ketched a musky in his life!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Hint For the Flatterer.

"She rejected him, then?"

"Yes."

"He used to praise her beauty in glowing terms. I should think that would have made her fall in love with him."

"It made her fall in love with herself, and she hasn't had room for a thought about anybody else."

Success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

"It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

The Time For Recreation.

In this insistent age, when life everywhere is at high pressure, there is great need of emphasizing the importance—yes, the absolute necessity—of recreation.

What is work worth, especially brain work, when it is performed with jaded faculties, the energy of the brain cells being exhausted?

One ambitious of becoming a writer, for example, thinks he is saving time by forcing his brain beyond natural limits. He believes that what he does over hours is clear gain and that writing a chapter or an article after his day's work in an office, a factory or store is to his advantage. But sooner or later he will realize his mistake. Nature will not be cheated.

A man may profitably occupy his evenings in study or in some other occupation than that by which he earns his daily bread, but he cannot do a full day's work of any kind and then wisely attempt to do creative work in the evening. A fresh brain is absolutely essential to the production of original thought. Even a recognized author who forces too much work upon his brain will soon see that his writings are not as much in demand as they have been and that his reputation is waning.—O. S. Marsden in Success.

He who devours the substance of the poor will meet in the end with a bone to choke him.—Schoolmaster.



LOVE

Often leads to poverty. No real woman ever sold her heart for the luxuries of life. But many a woman who has gladly faced poverty for the man she loved, may well doubt her wisdom when pain becomes the mate of poverty. If she were rich, she thinks, she could find a way of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is within the reach of every one. It lifts the burden of pain which weighs down those who suffer from womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"You have my heartfelt thanks for your kind advice," writes Mrs. Geo. Fletcher, of 107 Victoria Avenue, Galt, Ontario. "I was troubled with catarrh of uterus for over a year. The doctors said I would have to go through an operation, but I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also his Lotion Tablets and Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories. Now I am completely cured after using six bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am glad to say his medicine has made me a new woman."

Weak and sick women, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale you will soon know

WHY

we hold our old customers and please new ones.

25 per cent Reduction, including Trading Stamps on all Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

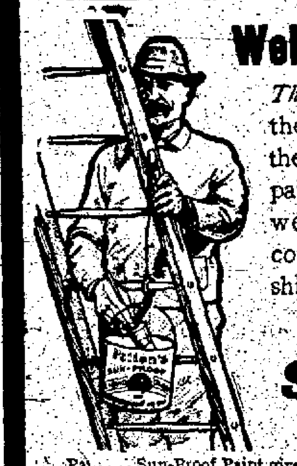
THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W STRONG

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.



Well Named Paint

The practical painter says the man who storms at the weather because the paint on his house won't weather the storms, could live a life of sunshine by using

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint gives double the service of all-white-lead or any ordinary paint. It is made of the most perfect combination of paint materials to stand the severest trial the sun and weather can give it. Guaranteed to keep its gloss and wear well for five years.

Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right

We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 2, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

NINETY persons were killed in a railroad wreck near Madrid, Spain, on Saturday last. One hundred more were injured in the catastrophe. This is one of the worst wrecks ever known in Spain.

IN its last issue the Coudersport Enterprise published a long and interesting article on the life and public career of Hon. A. G. Olmsted, who for the twenty years preceding Jan. 1, 1903, had been President Judge of McKean and Potter counties.

AN explosion in the mines at Hanna, Wyo., on Tuesday has entombed 200 miners and it is thought none will escape with their lives. The bodies of 28 miners who were near the mouth of the pit have been removed and a large force of men are at work trying to get at the others.

A DISPATCH from Representative Sibley, dated Quebec, says: "Arriving here today from a cruise through the St. Lawrence, I find published intimation reflecting upon my official conduct as representative in Congress. In every instance my official actions have reflected my highest conceptions of public duty, and so far as I am aware will never cause any friend of mine either regret or sorrow. I invite the fullest investigation of my official conduct."

THE editor of the Democrat, in commenting on the appearance of William P. Snyder's name in the ticket published in this paper, assumes most too much in his statement when he says Snyder will have the support of Republican party papers. We are publishing the Republican ticker and as Mr. Snyder is a regular Republican nominee we decided to make no distinction in this matter, but that does not signify that the MINER or its editor will assist in electing him. If there is any law (written or unwritten) which compels a newspaper to support the whole of a ticket published in its columns we are unaware of it. We have no objection to the Democrat taking back its compliment but we do object to the Democrat, or anyone else, telling us who we will or will not support for political office.

Pennsylvania Editors Pass Resolutions.

The Pennsylvania Editorial Association held its annual meeting in Atlantic City last week. The press muzzling law was thoroughly discussed and the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, by the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association in convention assembled, that the newspapers of the State should join in defense of any paper made defendant in any action brought through opportunities created by the Grady Sales libel law and contest such action to the court of last resort in order, conclusively, to test the constitutionality of said law; and be it further resolved, that earnest effort to secure the repeal of said Grady Sales libel law by the next legislature be made by a committee of this association acting alone or in conjunction with similar committees of other organizations; and be it still further resolved, that the expense involved in defending actions brought under said law and in securing its repeal be provided for by a fund created for these purposes."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1903.

Postmaster General Payne has no intention of resigning from the cabinet in the immediate future. This statement was made to your correspondent by the postmaster general himself when his attention was called to the fact that numerous reports have been sent out from Washington to the effect that, owing to his poor health, the criticism of the public press, etc., he would offer his resignation almost immediately. It is learned moreover that in making plans for the coming summer, which was done at the last cabinet meeting before the President left for Oyster Bay, the presence of Mr. Payne in Washington for at least a month more and his permanent retention of his present place was counted on. Senator Hanna, who spent Friday in Washington, said before leaving that there was no truth in the statement telegraphed from Cleveland that he had come to Washington to confer with the President regarding Mr. Payne's probable resignation and that in so far as he knew Mr. Payne had no such intention.

Senator Hanna said that his chief purpose in coming to Washington was to confer with Secretary Shaw with regard to the new postoffice building at Cleveland. Asked if he discussed with Mr Roosevelt the chairmanship of the Republican national committee Mr. Hanna said that he had no knowledge of his own intention to resign his position which is taken to mean that Mr. Hanna has agreed to retain that arduous position. Senator Hanna lunched at the White House the day he was in Washington, other guests present being Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Geo. W. Perkins, the partner of J. Pierpont Morgan. After luncheon Messrs. Hanna and Perkins had a long conference with the President regarding the proposed financial legislation which is being considered by Senator Aldrich's sub-committee. It is understood that Mr. Perkins presented to the two statesmen the Wall street view of remedies which should be applied to the financial system. As it was through the influence of Mr. Perkins that the disclosures of irregularities in the Postoffice Department, which were being made in a Washington newspaper last December, were hushed up, his presence at the White House gave rise to all kinds of speculation.

The most important developments in the postoffice investigation during the past week have been the indictments of Edwin W. Driggs and J. V. Miller, the former an ex-member of Congress. It appears that while a member of Congress Driggs accepted $1,250 for his services in securing the adoption by the postoffice department of an automatic change making machine and that Miller paid the amount to him. This is a statutory offense and punishable with fine and imprisonment. It has long been suspected that Geo. W. Beavers was mixed up in the same transaction but that has not yet been proven. Ex-Postmaster General Smith has issued a lengthy statement regarding the Tulloch charges in which he attempts to prove collusion between Tulloch and Inspector Smith, whose report made so important a part of the Bristow reply. Mr. Smith's ground for charging collusion is that both Tulloch and Inspector Smith use in many instances identical phraseology but that is explained at the postoffice department by the statement that both the Tulloch charges and the Smith report were based on a letter of Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell and that the phraseology referred to was in both instances borrowed from him.

Republicans in Washington are greatly delighted at what they regard as an exhibition of exceptionally able leadership on the part of Senator Spooner who, on his recent visit to Wisconsin obtained from Representative Babcock a pledge not to enter the race in the Senatorial contest next winter and successfully launched the "get together" movement in the State. Mr. Babcock's withdrawal from the Senatorial race ensures the re-election of Senator Quarles and makes for party harmony. Whatever may be Governor LaFollette's position in his own State, Washington Republicans have been led to believe that he is a disturbing element and that success of the party depends on his elimination as a factor in the politics of the State. Governor LaFollette on the other hand is reported to be intent on the defeat of Postmaster General Payne in the contest for membership on the national committee and is reported to be bending every energy in that direction.

Throughout the past week considerable interest has been manifested here in the platform to be and afterwards adopted by the Iowa Democrats. Now that the platform has been adopted Republican sentiment takes two forms. On the one hand gratification is expressed that the Democrats have repudiated Colonel Bryan and his 16 to 1 theory; on the other it is remarked that the Democrats with a common sense platform will not be as easy to beat as they would be were they to remain loyal to the Chicago and Kansas City platforms. This does not mean, however, that there is the slightest apprehension regarding the election of next year as even the Democrats themselves, at least the best posted of them, admit among themselves that it will be impossible to defeat Mr. Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt has received a most friendly and complimentary cablegram from Emperor William apropos of the arrival at Kiel of the American naval squadron. It is as much a part of Mr. Roosevelt's international policy to maintain the most friendly relations with all foreign powers as it is to establish and support a powerful navy. It was with that end in view that he spared no pains to make the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia a pleasant one and he regards the cablegram of the emperor as a further evidence of the success of his policy. Not only has the Kaiser thus cabled the President but he has invited the American commanders to dine with himself and the Empress and has in every way possible shown his friendliness for the United States.

The President left Washington for Oyster Bay on Saturday and the residential portion of the White House is now closed for the summer, only the new office building remaining in use.

A house broom given away with every $2 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides. J. C. HAMLIN.

OLEAN RACES

JULY 14-15-16-17.

PURSES - - - - $5,200.

Thirteen Events--$400

Entries Close July 7.

Records made that day no bar.

A Program of Events to Please Everybody.

Good Races Every Day.

REDUCED RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

J. COLEGROVE.

Just received a Case of the celebrated Black Cat hose. All sizes 15 and 25c. They will outwear any hose on the market selling at same price.

Try Polo Soap, 10 cakes for 25c.

Try Peanut Butter for a sandwich.

Try Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees.

We have the largest bottle of 10c Olives in town.

New York State Potatoes, no sprouts, no bad ones, all nice eatable and mealy, 75c bushel.

F. S. Flour gives best satisfaction as a bread maker. Try it.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?



You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soaps at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.
SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointments.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD, The Big Double Clothing Store.

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring don's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

Queen Quality Shoes.

We give Red Trading Stamps also cash tickets which are redeemable in chinaware. Ask for them.

A Sale of Regular 15c BATISTE at 8c

Another extraordinary sale will take place

This Week Friday

when 600 yards of fine quality Batiste will be sold at half price, in fact, at less than manufacturers' cost. Just now, at the height of the season, when this material is most in demand and

Sold everywhere for 15c.

Our price, for this sale, is 8c.

HIGH CLASS OXFORDS

for everybody at Popular Prices.

Men's "Packard Special" Oxfords in vici kid and pat. coltskin $2.50.

Women's "Doris Special" Oxfords of Ideal and vici kid in various styles for street and house $2.00.

Little Boys' Oxfords of pat. coltskin or Russian calf $2.00.

Large Boys' Oxfords of pat. coltskin $2.25.

Great Values in Gingham 350 yds. of Seersucker Ginghams Special for this sale 7c.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Refrigerators

We are are agents for the Mascot famous refrigerator, antique ash finish, polished brass trimmings, removable ice chambers, heavy, galvanized iron shelves.

These are the best Refrigerators made for anything near their prices, which range from $8.00 up.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 2, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Kane is to have another window glass factory.

—Kane vs. Smethport at the new grounds to-morrow.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. advertise a special sale of batiste for Friday.

—At a meeting of the clerks' union Monday evening it was decided to close all union stores at noon on July 4th.

—The Kane and Celoron base ball teams attempted to play a game of ball at Celoron on Sunday last and both teams were arrested.

—Smethport will play its first game of ball at home with Kane Friday afternoon. Game called at 2:30 sharp. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

—Married—At Hazelhurst, June 23d, by Rev. J. H. McCandless, Carl R. Beebe, of Morgantown, W. Va., and Georgia Eddy of Hazelhurst.

—At Gale's Ferry last Thursday Yale won all three of the boat races with Harvard. In each race she had no difficulty in defeating her opponents, winning by a safe margin.

—The new grand stand on the base ball grounds has been completed. It is well arranged and convenient and will be a source of much comfort to the many patrons of that popular resort this summer.

—Several valuable horses in town are sick with distemper. Among them are one belonging to Hon. T. F. Richmond, one belonging to L. K. Hogarth, one belonging to J. C. Hamlin and one of E. W. Jones.

—The Mixer peaks of the Port Allegany base ball players as the Canoe Place Indians, and the Eldreds as the Swamp Angels. Thus two of the league teams have been named, Indians and Angels.—Eldred Eagle.

—At St. Luke's Church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a.m. and at 8 p.m. The lesson will be on "The Craft of the Gibonites," (John 9: 8-25.) There will be a selection of anthems at the evening service.

—Cornell made a clean sweep in the boat races at Poughkeepsie on Friday of last week, winning the 'varsity, the freshman and four-oared races. Paul Folger, well known in Smethport, pulled an oar on the freshman crew.

—The County Commissioners are having the stone walk in front of the court house repaired. John Carlson is superintending the work. The walk is being raised about three inches and placed on a good foundation and will be a vast improvement.

—S. Nesselson of Bradford was robbed of about $300 worth of jewelry on the road between Rasselas and Wilcox last Friday. Nesselson runs a peddler's wagon and the men after asking for a ride assaulted and robbed him.

—Thomas Kilbuck, an old soldier of Bradford, was found near the B. R. & P. tracks in that place last Friday night, unconscious and badly injured. He had been hit by a passing train. His injuries are not considered fatal.

—Our attention has been called to the fact that a certain man in this borough is shooting little birds which are feasting on his fruit. We would advise him to quit this practice for the birds do very little damage and he is liable to get himself in trouble with the authorities.

—Cecil Morgar was painfully injured last Friday while playing with a toy pistol. He tried to shoot a small cartridge and the bullet entered his left hand, making a painful wound. His wound was dressed and unless blood poisoning should set in there is no danger of losing his hand.

—A basket picnic and ball game will be held at Nunundah Park and the ball grounds on July 4th. The ball game will between the Fats and Leans and promises to be interesting. After the game a dance will be given lasting until 11 p. m. An admission of 10 cents will be charged to the park. Everybody is invited.

—There was a stringency in the money market in Smethport Saturday, owing to the fact that the vault of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. could not be opened. The trouble was with the time lock and the doors of the vault refused to open until 6 p.m. The Haines Flint Bottle Co. could not get money for their pay roll on this account.

—Last Saturday afternoon thirteen members of McKean Chapter, D. A. R. drove to Mt. Jewett where a delightful meeting was held at the home of Mrs. W. P. Burdick. Mrs. H. Hamlin read "A Retrospect of McKean County," and Mrs. T. A. Morrison, "Early Recollections of Smethport," both of which were thoroughly enjoyed.

—Every lover of base ball should attend the game between Kane and Smethport at the new grounds Friday afternoon. Kane has one of the best semi-professional teams in this section and will make it lively for our boys. The game calls promptly at 2:30. Admission, ladies and children, 15c.; gentlemen 25c.; grand stand 10c.

—The other evening a young lady of this place informed us that cupid had broken down her hammock twice of late and wanted our opinion on these accidents. We are not very well posted on omens and the dream book does not give the desired information but it seems to us that orange blossoms and such ought to follow in the near future.

—Smethport and Port Allegany are scheduled to play ball at this place next Wednesday, July 8.

—Byron Badger is confined to the house with a broken foot. The accident happened over a week ago when some brick fell on that member while in the employ of Holmes & Gilfillan but he thought it was only a bruise until it got so bad that he was obliged to give up work. He is now improving.

—At the last meeting of the Retail Clerks' Union the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: Past president, S. H. Cleveland; president, A. L. Colegrove; 1st vice pres., Miss Edith Young; 2nd vice pres., F. E. Tull; recording and corresponding secretary, F. H. Hungiville; financial secretary, John A. Carlson; treasurer, Miss Verna Hafner; guide, A. L. Youmans; guardian, Miss Orra Biever; trustees, S. H. Cleveland, F. E. Tull and Charles Musser.

—Miss Elise Brehler of Chicago was killed last Friday morning by being run over by an Erie passenger train at Jamestown, and some think it a case of suicide. As the train was nearing the depot she was seen to run out of the depot and apparently throw herself before the train. She was aged about 25 years and was engaged to be married to a young man in Jamestown. He says they had no quarrel and knows of no reason for the rash act, unless it was temporary insanity.

—A. E. Wormer, who for several years has been the station agent at Smethport for the Pennsylvania Railroad has been appointed station agent at Olean and left yesterday to assume his new duties. P. H. Clark, relief agent, is acting as Mr. Wormer's successor for the present. Mr. Wormer has always been a pleasant and obliging official who has attended strictly to his business and while his many friends here will regret his departure all will congratulate him on his deserved promotion.

—The home of James and Patrick Quinlan, aged farmers, residing one and a half miles north of Limestone, in the direction of Chipmunk, was entered by four masked men at 11 o'clock Saturday night, who after binding and gagging the victims, ransacked the house securing $4,000 in money, the savings of a lifetime. The Quinlans were severely choked and beaten by the marauders in defending their money, James sustaining serious injuries about the head and body, the result of being struck with a pick handle. He was also kicked in the ribs.

Special Trains for Olean's Fourth of July Celebration.

Olean, N. Y., the city of natural advantages, is making preparations for their Fourth of July celebration, and it bids fair to be the largest and best one they have ever had. The committee are hard at work and promise all sorts of amusement for their visitors, on that day. They have already engaged a ball tossist, the champion high stilt walker of the world, a trick bicycle rider, several outside bands beside their own local ones, a large display of day and night fireworks and many other special attractions, besides the usual elements of a successful celebration.

Olean had an immense crowd last Fourth of July, and all were mightily pleased with the celebration, and it is only necessary to tell those who attended last year that this year's celebration will be made much larger and more entertaining than the last to secure their attendance.

The Shawmut railroad will sell tickets from St. Marys, Mt. Jewett, Hazelhurst and Smethport at greatly reduced rates to Olean and will have a special train leaving St. Marys at 7:10 a. m. and Mt. Jewett at 8 a. m., running through to Olean without change. This train will leave Olean at 10 p. m. after the fireworks, so that it will be possible for the people in this vicinity to spend the entire day in witnessing the celebration.

The Silver Cornet Band of St. Marys will accompany the excursion train and furnish music all along the line.

The Land and Improvement Co.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company is offering a number of valuable lots for sale on Bank, Ramer and Nelson streets at prices which should attract those wishing to own a home in Smethport. These lots are located most desirably for residences and the prices range from $50 to $200 each. The payments are on easy terms with but a small amount of cash at the time of purchase. The amount you are paying in rent now would buy you a comfortable home in from five to eight years. Guy McCoy will cheerfully explain prices, terms, etc., to anyone who wishes such information.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Mowers, Reapers, Binders, Rakes, LeRoy Plows. Every machine guaranteed by the company. If you want the best, buy McCormick goods. For sale by

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., June 11, 1903.-3t.

I have for sale a 1902 Walter A. Wood mowing machine, five foot cut, never used. Price $35 cash. Call on or address

J. C. KRUMBINE,

4t Smethport, Pa.

FOR RENT—In Northern Michigan, a Wood Alcohol Retort Plant in complete running order; 10 five-cord retorts with plenty of wood. Address Wayne Iron Company, Ltd., Detroit, Mich.

Celebrate the Fourth

in a royal style and shoot our celebrated blank cartridges. Holmes & Gilfillan.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. L. Edgett of Bradford was in town yesterday.

J. F. Davis of Bradford was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Atty. H. N. Rose of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

Miss Bessie Hussey visited friends in Johnsonburg over Sunday.

Miss Mary A. Dibble of Passaic, N. J., is visiting friends in town.

Warley Gifford had business in Bradford the latter part of last week.

Chas. Nixon and family left Friday for an extended visit in New Castle.

Mrs. Elida Theetge of Perry, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives here.

A. W. Mitchell returned yesterday from a business trip to West Virginia.

Mrs. Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Phil Vickery returned to Smethport Monday after an extended trip in the far west.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Lucile Hinman attended the Anderson-Thorn wedding at Port Allegany Tuesday noon.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and family left Monday for a month's stay at Chautauqua.

J. C. Hyde returned this week from St. Louis, where he has been located for some time past.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., of New York city arrived here Saturday for a visit with his parents.

Miss Minnie Weidell and Miss Lida Litues of Olean are visiting relatives and friends at Clermont.

Miss Marie Jackson, who is teaching school in Corning, N. Y., is home for the summer vacation.

E. T. Newman is home on a visit from Cornell college. Ned is quite prominent in Cornell athletic circles.

The Misses Lucile and Stella Hinman returned from the Lock Haven State Normal school last Friday.

Miss Alethe Armstrong left to-day for an extended visit with friends in Elmira and Corning, N. Y.

Max Weidell and Miss Ella Weidell of Buffalo are visiting relatives at Clermont, Westfield and Elnora.

Guy B. Mayo returned home Monday from a fishing trip in Potter county. He brought home one hundred nice trout.

Con Mulvihill of Johnsonburg was in town this week. Con has many warm friends in Smethport who are always pleased to greet him.

Mrs. Samuel Porter, accompanied by her brother, J. Hewitt, who has been sick for some time, left for his home in Reynoldsville on Monday.

John Gardner left Saturday for Warsaw, N. Y., to attend the centennial celebration of that place. Mr. Gardner was a former resident of Warsaw before coming to Smethport.

George-Powell.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powell, on Water street, at high noon, Tuesday, June 30, Miss Anna Elizabeth Powell was united in marriage to Mr. James Earl George of Pittsburg, Rev. J. H. McCandless of St. Luke's church officiating.

The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The happy young couple left on the afternoon train for a short wedding tour in Eastern cities, after which they will take up their home in New Kensington, near Pittsburg.

The bride is one of Smethport's most charming and accomplished young ladies and the groom is spoken of as a prosperous young business man. A host of friends will join with the Miner in wishing them happiness.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 27, 1903:

R. D. Brown, Miss Mary Durst, O. W. English, Thome Hamilton, Mrs. Patterson, Thos. Thorney.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale.

Two houses and lots located near the Pennsylvania depot. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. E. A. Smith, Farmers Valley.

For Sale.

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

McCormick Machines are the best in the world; terms and prices right. For sale by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. June 17, 1903.-5t.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.49. J. C. HAMLIN.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Founded in 1815. Good Traditions. Strong Faculty. Unsurpassed Location. Reasonable Expenses. New Observatory, New Chapel, New Library, New Professorships, and largely increased Endowment. Fall Term Opens September 15th. For Catalogue and Information, write to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

Store closed after 12 o'clock Saturday, July 4th.

SUMMER GOODS

PRICES NEARLY HALVED

Yellow Trading Stamps to Boot.

To put ginger into the July selling we offer this week remarkable values in worthy summer merchandise. Many of these specials were bought much under price just for this sale and are very desirable goods. We give actual original selling prices so it's easy for you to figure the saving in every instance.

50c Plain and Fancy Silk Mulls 28 inch.	Special @	29c
18c Lace Stripe Chambray 32 inch.	Special @	12 1-2c
100 Summer Net Corsets. Good styles.	Special @	75c
150 Shirt Waist Suits. Size 36 only.	Special @	$1.00
200.	Special @	1.50
25c Jersey Ribbed Under Waists for children. These have slight imperfections, scarcely perceptible in most cases. In no instance is the wearing quality impaired. They have good bone buttons and are well taped. 275 in the lot. Sizes 1 to 17 years.	Special @	10c
Cambric Under Waists for children, sizes 21 to 27.	Special @	10c

FRY & HERZOG.

STRANSKY STRANSKY STRANSKY



The Ware



That Wears



Just received an importation of this famous wear. If you have used it you know what it is, if not try it at once.

ONE

little hint is often worth more than a ton of advice. Sensible and careful people use Stransky triple plate ware. It lasts for years.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store, will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an elegant line of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fireworks & Flags

—Would especially call your attention to the fine assortment of high grade Stationery, Invitation Cards, Plate Cards and Calling Cards. Have the latest and most correct things in this line.

I also make a specialty of fine neckwear, belts, hosiery, etc.

Mary L. Bisett,

5 & 10 Cent Store,

SMETHPORT, PA.



Don't neglect that Sore Throat

Go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of

OZOLINE

The best family remedy in the world for *Sore Throat*, *Sore Mouth*, *Hoarseness* and all diseases of the throat. A sure preventative of *Diphtheria* — a certain remedy for *Quinsy*.—Cure guaranteed or money refunded. *All druggists, 25 & 50 cents*

OZO REMEDY CO.

New Brighton, Pa.

Buy a

Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.

FOR SALE BY

C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

AS THE TALE WAS TOLD

By HOWARD MARCUS STRONG

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NAUTICAL nomenclature has always possessed for me an unaccountable attraction. As it is a harmless and inexpensive whim I have humored it to the extent of ornamenting my rather extensive vocabulary with such terms as "splice the main brace" and "half seas over."

As a matter of fact, I never saw a bark, brig, sloop, ship, schooner or smack in my life, and I could not, no matter how great the necessity, identify a binnacle, capstan or spanker boom. Notwithstanding, I can tell a sea story that introduces in their proper places a hull, a bowsprit and a main crosstree.

My intimate friends know this story by heart, but never tire of hearing me recount it. They aver that I saturate it with all the realism of a transatlantic voyage, and if I but keep the vessel rising and falling a moment too long in the trough of the sea many are affected with all the symptoms of mal de mer.

When strangers are present during a recital of the story I frequently try to abridge it, disliking to cast a gloom over the company. But the moment my friends perceive that I am minded to scuttle the ship and send all to the bottom in forty fathoms of water they cry out:

"And how many of the crew escaped on the metallic life raft with the German passenger?"

Then I know that the fourteen hideous days beneath a tropical sun with only a gill of water in the cask and a ship's biscuit in the passenger's pocket, the thirteen delirious nights, with maddening dreams of bubbling fountains and bountiful banquets, all must be gone through with. Though my own throat grows sympathetically dry and my lips are ready to crack open at the thought of the driving salt spray, still must the daily lots be drawn and the horizon scanned in vain for a passing sail.

Those who have never told a sea story cannot appreciate the accompanying strain upon the raconteur's nerves. Having all the natural endowments of a great actor, I unconsciously put my whole soul into the scene and suffer pang for pang with each member of the ill fated crew. By the time the Gloucester whaler removes from the metallic life raft the remains of the crew (the first mate's thigh bone) and the demented German passenger I am in almost the same condition as the single survivor. Upon several occasions I have gone so far as to represent myself as being this same unfortunate individual, my Teutonic cast of countenance materially aiding the deception.

In order that my position in the affair of honor with the French admiral





"I HAVE LIVED THROUGH IT."

may be clearly understood it will be necessary for me to confess that the sea story has grown from recital to recital. To be candid, it has progressed from the collision of an Ohio river towboat with a bridge pier to the highly dramatic account of an ill omened vessel which set sail on Feb. 13 without a rat in the hold and the water in the well only kept down to bilge depth by the constant action of the steam siphon.

Every one will understand that this deft perversion of facts had as its only object the entertainment of others. My wife was always sure of a treat for her guests, no matter how unexpectedly they might arrive. The piano might be out of tune, the phonograph records ruined or the pingpong balls lost, but my wife had only to launch the conversation into the well worn ways of ocean travel, and then she was free to devote her mind to the serious problem of pre-

request I broke the seal and took from the envelope a sheet of paper upon which was a rude diagram with some lines of description. Beyond a doubt the furnishings and what may be called the "arrangement" of that room were set down upon that paper.

"You did not recognize it as your own?" I asked. "That seems strange."

"Ah! So you know all about my dream?" said he. "It may indeed seem strange that I did not know this place, yet I did not. To be sure, the outlines are regular; there was really nothing except the furniture by which it might be recognized. It has been repapered, the rugs and the hangings are different"—

"I should have thought that the view from the windows"— I began. "But perhaps you did not look out."

"There is one of the peculiar facts about this dream," said he. "There was no view from the windows. It was night. The room seemed to be dark, and yet I perceived all that was in it and had an impression of the things just as if I had seen them."

His manner far more than his words produced upon me an effect of awe—absurd, of course, for what is death or the view of death to shake a man's heart?

"I don't understand why you should conceal this from your sister," said I. "Your revelation was dumb as to time. That you expect to die in your own chamber some day cannot alarm your friends. How can they hope for anything better?"

This is surely the rational view, and it was extraordinary that it had not sprung up before Winthrop's mind immediately. It had not, and in response to my suggestion he said repeatedly:

"It will alarm her. The thought that she herself planned these changes will torture her mind."

"You are mistaken," I insisted. "If you do not tell her you can never go from home without raising in her mind the fear that you have gone straight to that closing scene of your life which has been so strangely revealed to you."

The upshot of it was that he was overpersuaded and agreed to take Marion into his confidence, the more especially because he had been confronted by the necessity of leaving home for a few days upon a matter of business. The result of this disclosure, however, was precisely what Winthrop had foreseen. It was to Marion as if she had built a gallows for her brother, upon which he must die the sooner because of the work of her hands.

She concealed this feeling from Stanley, but to me she was explicit. It was at this time that she and I began to realize the nature of the tie that was binding us more closely to each other. We had misnamed it friendship for more than a year.

This monstrous notion that the room and her own affectionate efforts to make it more comfortable for her brother had somehow accelerated the approach of his doom would not leave her mind. Her brother dwelt in the apartment with a certain placid impatience, but Marion viewed his continued use of it with an ever present terror which seemed to me utterly unreasonable.

The situation was the worse because no one dared try to mend it. To persuade Stanley to give up the room forever or to consent to a change of its furnishings was the same as asking him to set a date for his own exit from the world, since he believed that he was to die in that scene as it then stood. Absurd as this belief must seem to a normal mind, it had surely taken possession of the brother and sister, and the effect was disastrous upon each, though in a different way. To Stanley it meant an increasing concentration of his thought upon a morbid theme, to Marion a constant, torturing apprehension, a dread of night and morning.

It speedily became necessary to take decisive action. I took advice of Stanley's physician, a man more intolerant of all morbid and mystic nonsense than any one else whom I ever knew, and I consulted certain members of the Winthrop household. The result was a determination to overthrow this superstition by direct proof of its falsity. It seemed likely that in this attempt I might lose Stanley's friendship, but I had reached a pitch of desperation where I was willing to risk anything, and, moreover, the doctor, who was a bluff old fellow, agreed to assume all responsibility and to make all the arrangements.

One evening at the Winthrops' dinner hour Dr. Evans and I gained access to Stanley's room from the veranda. We were accompanied by some of the servants, and we had the means of effecting a very considerable change in the appearance of that apartment.

It was an evening prematurely dark. The western sky almost to the zenith was dead black, so that the earth seemed to be rolling into the mouth of a pit. I was the first to enter the room, and I groped my way at once to a table upon which I knew that there was a lamp. A match crackled under my fingers and went out. I was finding another when I heard a low, hoarse cry. Immediately there was a noise at the door. Some one outside turned the knob and then knocked with a hurried and unsteady hand.

"Stanley!" called Marion from without. "Stanley, unlock the door!"

I ran to let her in, but a hand in the darkness clutched my shoulder, and the doctor's voice whispered:

"It isn't locked. I have my foot against it. She must not come in."

"Why not?" I demanded.

He put his lips close to my ear.

"Because her brother is dead here on this couch by the window."

That is the whole story as I know it. Stanley had died of heart failure. He lay there upon the cushions, with his right hand across his breast and a little picture of his wife clasped tightly in the stiffened fingers.

THE "ROUND ROBIN."

No One Knows Origin of the Strange Term.

A "round robin" is one of those documents of which the name is familiar to most people, but which uncommonly few have ever seen or signed. Every one knows that the thing which bears so singular a name is a communication—letter, remonstrance, warning or the like—the signatures to which are written around the circumference of the circle which incloses the body of the epistle, or radiating therefrom like the spokes of a wheel from a hub, so that the responsibility of signing is equally shared. No one signatory can be accused of being either the first or the last to sign, of being the leader or the whipper in.

The most famous example on record probably is the remonstrance which was sent to Dr. Johnson in connection with his epitaph on Oliver Goldsmith. The doctor had prepared an epitaph in Latin, but some of his friends, who had also been friends of Goldsmith, took exception to it on two grounds, the first being that it did not quite do justice to the author of the "Traveler" as a writer, and particularly as a poet, and the second that it should be written in English. The party of friends were gathered around Sir Joshua Reynolds' hospitable if somewhat ill served table, and though they found themselves in general agreement on these two points, no one had the courage to be willing to "bell the cat," or, in other words, to take the lead in tackling the formidable Johnson on these two rather delicate matters. "At last," says Sir William Forbes, "it was hinted that there could be no way so good as that of a round robin, as the sailors call it, which they make use of when they enter a conspiracy so as not to let it be known who puts his name first or last to the paper."

The idea was at once accepted, the address to Dr. Johnson was prepared and all signed it in the form proposed. This very interesting paper is still extant and is preserved among other valuable manuscripts in the library of Haigh Hall, near Wigan, the seat of the Earl of Crawford. It begins, "We, the circumscribers," and the signatures, written around the circle which incloses the address, include those of Gibbon, Burke, Joseph Warton, Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Colman and half a dozen others which are nowadays but little known. Johnson took the remonstrance in good part, but as to not writing the epitaph in Latin declared that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster abbey with an English inscription. The whole story is eminently characteristic both of Johnson and his times.

No one has yet been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the strange term "round robin."—London Globe.

Breaking It Gently.

This is a true account of one person's idea of "breaking the news gently." The cook, whose home was off in the country, appeared before the "powers above" with a letter in her hand.

"I'll have to go home for a couple of days, mum," she said. "My cousin's just written to me." And she handed over the crumpled bit of paper with an audible sniff.

"Dear Mary," it ran, "you had better come home at once. Your father is very sick." And it continued with many particulars of the illness.

At the end was a postscript which, like the old joke of a woman's P. S., had the pith of the matter.

"So long as you'll be driving up from the village you may as well bring the undertaker along with you in the wagon."—New York Times.

Sir Henry Irving's Wit.

On one occasion Sir Henry Irving's company, having been called to the theater for rehearsal, found upon their arrival that they were considerably ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet arrived, one of the actors in the company who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration a well known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium:

"Very good," it said; "very good indeed—so good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."—Harper's.

What Is Known About Fish.

Pliny, the great naturalist, who lived at about the time of Christ, reckoned the whole number of known species of fish at ninety-four. Linnaeus, the great Swedish investigator of the eighteenth century, could classify 478, and he is known to have been the greatest ichthyologist of the age in which he lived. The progress made in that particular branch since the time of Linnaeus seems all the more wonderful, for now 13,000 species show up in the catalogues of the fish specialists.

An Expert's Opinion.

Priscilla—Do you approve of long engagements?

Mayme—Well, that depends. If the fellow has plenty of money and takes you to everything a long engagement is endurable; otherwise it is better to rush it through and start a fresh one.—Detroit Free Press.

The Height of Realism.

"So you went to see one of those old New England plays. Was it realistic?"

"Indeed it was. Why, when the rain storm came up Uncle Henry's corns began to hurt him."—Magazine of Humor.

A good many things trouble you. Here are the first two: You eat too much and you eat it too fast.—Atchison Globe.

Opera Under Difficulties.

Signor Arditi tells the following story in his autobiography: "During my first long stay in America our company was announced for one night, during a terribly cold winter, at Washington. Shall I ever forget the bitter cold of that season? It was as though we had suddenly been transported to the arctic regions, and the theater in which we had our performance was as inadequate to cope with the frost as though we had fixed up a summer tent for the purpose. 'Norma' was the opera, and Grisi, instead of appearing in her traditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a huge fur cloak in which she was huddled up almost to her eyes. The house only really rose to the occasion with loud bursts of laughter when Mario made his entrance holding a coachman's umbrella over his head—he, as Pollio, being confronted by Norma in their tragical meeting—under which prosaic safeguards both artists cowered while singing their grand duo. The roof of the theater had given way under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, and its coating of ice, melting under the heat of the gas, was streaming down on the artists."

Ancient Ideas of Africa.

In medieval times Africa was an unknown continent as well as Asia. Until a few years after the discovery of Columbus no one had sailed around it, and it was quite generally thought, as it had previously been thought in regard to Asia, that the African continent extended on and on indefinitely. It was supposed that far to the south was the zone of heat, in which no human being could live. This was by no means an unreasonable inference to the ancients. They knew that the farther they sailed to the north the colder it grew and that in the extreme north was a region of perpetual ice and snow.

They also knew that the farther they sailed to the south the warmer it grew, and what was more natural for them to suppose that if they went far enough in that direction they would come upon lands that were parched and baked and upon seas that boiled, where nothing could live but salamanders?

He Could Wield an Ax.

Queer and racy are the tales told of the skill of the Maine shipbuilders in the use of the adz and broadax. One old time yarn is of a carpenter who applied very drunk at a shipyard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broadax and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the ax down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew just as well on your chopping block," he hiccoughed, "but I'll be blamed if I can make the ax stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

How the Patent Office Was Saved.

When in the war of 1812 the British, who had taken Washington, trained their guns upon the patent office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the patent office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it.

Localizing Her Emotions.

Our minister during a call sang one of those touching, simple melodies which Edith is so fond of hearing. She was very attentive, gazing on his face with her bright, wondering eyes. As the song continued tears began to glisten beneath the lids and glide down her dimpled cheeks. After a few minutes' silence he asked:

"Edith, how do you like it?"

"Oh, very much, Mr. Webb; but it hurts my eyes."—Little Chronicle.

Her Troubles.

Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)—Confound it all! From morning till night and night till morning when I'm at home I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em.

An Eye For Business.

"I am afraid the nobleman who is to become your son-in-law has not much talent for business."

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "If he can manage to get as good prices for other merchandise as he does for a title I'll trust him to take his chances in business."—San Francisco Wasp.

Mending.

Mix—I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill.

Dix—So she was, but today she's on the mend.

Borrowed Plumes.

"Some folks' ideas," said Uncle Eben, "is jes' like an ostrich's feathers. Dey doesn' 'mount to nuffin' in partickler till dey gets into de possession of somebody else."—Washington Star.

Fisherman's Luck.

"So you think justice should be represented with a rod and reel?" "Yes, of course! The big fish most always get away."—Puck.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimme, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodner.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tevia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, L. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. [illegible]ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
[illegible] FURCHES, N. G.
W. C. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 272, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. L. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings, each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ABELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 132, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
Lizzie F. Holbes, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 35, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE I. BEVIER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
B. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. HENNING.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
[illegible]
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days.............. 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days.............. 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south.

Train 121, week days.............. 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days.............. 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:41 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations; arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:33 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie, and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH	Weekdays STATIONS.	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 50	Ridgway	12 05
9 56	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 19	Straight	11 18
10 26	Instanter	11 15
10 30	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 05
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a R. R. for points east and west.

10:10 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

[illegible] p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. and 5:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address P. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 16. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	2 00	8 10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Main Street	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Pt. Pleasant	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Hazelhurst	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Marvindale	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kasson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Comes	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mill Street	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Crosstyre	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mullin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Corryville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Larabee	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

J. F. MARONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar.	Eastward		STATIONS.	Lv	Westward	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.03	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.55	2.00	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.49	0	1.59	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Bd. Line	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.30	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.06	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	[illegible]	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.30	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.13	0
3.40	7.23	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.35
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R., at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

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In good, reliable companies.

Balm of A Thousand Flowers

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

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"Dear me!" exclaimed little Mrs. Ripley to her husband, the doctor. "Marion's whooping cough is just dreadful, and here we've shipped off all your drugs. I don't know what we'll do. Can't you go out and get some embrocation or some carbocene? The poor child really needs it."

Young Dr. Ripley was busy nailing some milky wooden packages together. He stopped suddenly and sucked a finger which he had lacerated with the hammer. Then he shook his head.

"Nance," he replied, "I don't see how we can. We've got just exactly enough to pay our fares down to Longwood, our new town, and the medicines cost money even to a doctor. She'll have to stand it the best she can for the present."

There was wild commotion in the back room, and the young mother sprang to the rescue. In five minutes she returned with the child. "It's just dreadful, Howard," she repeated.

Howard stopped again and danced at the little girl with a professional air. "I don't know, Nance," he returned, "but that I can do something for her after all. I've got a little spare change. I'll go down to the grocer's and come right back."

When he returned he went down stairs, and, with the aid of a saucer and a discarded spoon, he mixed some mysterious ingredients together.

"There, now," he exclaimed, appearing on the landing, "you rub her on the outside with this and give her some internally, too. It may do some good."

The mother and the child retired to the back room. Dr. Ripley waited. Finally they came out.

"More," pleaded the youngster, "I want some more. It tastes like sugar."

The next day they had installed themselves in their new but dingy little home in an obscure street in Longwood. The young physician at once hung out his sign and then started to put things to rights.

"Do you know, Howard," said Mrs. Ripley, "I believe that stuff you made for Marion really did her some good after all? What was it? She hasn't been nearly so hard as she was."

Dr. Ripley straightened up. "Let me take a look at her. I haven't had time to notice her much. I've been so busy." The youngster was produced. The young physician looked at her critically.

"She does seem better," he admitted; "she certainly does."

"And what did you give her?" inquired his young wife.

Dr. Ripley leaned his head on his hand and thought. He had a sudden idea. He gazed not at his wife, but beyond her. He was looking into the future. His wife jogged his elbow.

"What was it?" she repeated.

"Oh," he returned, "that stuff. Why, that was—yes, that was the—the Balm of a Thousand Flowers; that's all. And it's a good thing after all."

"Balm of a Thousand Flowers!" exclaimed Mrs. Ripley. "I never heard of it."

"Neither did I," returned the doctor, "until now. But that's what it was, nevertheless. And it's a good thing," he added half to himself, "and I'll try it on."

The next day he scoured the printers' offices and finally got one to extend him credit, and a night or two later he was mysteriously absent from his home.

The day after the town, small as it was, fairly blossomed with large but neat placards which read as follows:

RIPLEY'S REMEDY.
BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.
FOR WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.
CHILDREN CRY FOR IT.

People stood and gazed at it and wondered what it was. "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It had an attractive oriental sound. "Yes," thought Dr. Ripley to himself, "I am sure that it will sell."

But there was a trifling error in his reckoning.

That error was due to the insignificant fact that in Longwood at present there was not a single case of croup or whooping cough except that of his small daughter. Dr. Ripley sat for a few minutes and thought about it.

"Nance," he said after awhile, "if you want that child to get better you must let her get out in the open air. Medicine can do much, but air is the important thing after all. Send her out and let her play."

"But, Howard," protested his better half, "there's no place for her to go but in the street. We haven't any back yard, you know. And the street is full of children, and they'll take it."

Howard shook his head. "Full of children!" he mused. "Well, self preservation is the first law of nature, and she must have the air. Send her out. The children must take care of themselves."

The doctor's youngest was a companionable little girl and soon made friends, and she speedily became exceedingly popular because she could do certain things the others couldn't do. Some of the things that she could do were to stand on one leg and wind the other round it and double herself into a human knot and grow black in the face and utter wild west yells of warfare. She didn't enjoy these things, but they did, and whenever she started in she was surrounded by an interested crowd. If she had had her father's business ability, she could have put up a tent and exhibited herself for a small consideration.

And so Marion got plenty of fresh air, and incidentally all Longwood took the whooping cough. It was only a question of time.

It so happened that school opened about two weeks after the doctor had tacked up his placards through the town. The children from the doctor's neighborhood associated with the other children in Longwood, as was to be expected, and, lo and behold, one bright day the school was closed—all the schools were closed. Longwood had whooping cough for fair, and whooping cough is no respecter of persons. It attacked young and old as well, strong and weak, male and female.

At first they took it as a joke, except those mothers who knew really what it meant and what it involved. But in a few more days all Longwood was in agony—spasmodic agony—and then Longwood as one man sought for a refuge.

"Try the Balm of a Thousand Flowers, ma'am," the druggist would say. "A new remedy and a good one and very cheap. We can recommend it. I can, for my little boy"—and so on.

The town bought Ripley's remedy. The supply became exhausted. Dr. Ripley had to hire help. He became famous. From selling his remedy he became the crack whooping cough doctor, and sold prescriptions like cakes off a hot griddle.

"The Balm of a Thousand Flowers!" was the cry. Everybody bought it, and in the direct sequence of cause and effect, because everybody bought the remedy. So young Dr. Ripley proceeded to buy a horse and buggy and then a new house, and around the house was a flower bed, and in the flower bed were planted at least a thousand flowers.

"Nance," he said one day, "it's funny, but, do you know, in the next town there's not a sign of whooping cough. Strange, isn't it? By the way, how do you think Marion is coming on?"

"Beautifully," exclaimed his wife. "But she coughs as yet."

"Nance," went on the doctor, "I've got some relatives in the next town. Wouldn't you like to take Marion and go over there and make a visit? It'll be a change for you, and perhaps her cough will get better there."

Mrs. Ripley smiled significantly. "I will," she replied, "on one condition, and that is that you'll tell me what you put in the Balm of a Thousand Flowers."

"I'll do it," he replied, "but never tell. In this that I sell now I put about the same things that the other medicines have, but the main ingredients are the same as I gave Marion on the day before we moved."

"And," asked Mrs. Ripley, "is it really made up of a thousand flowers or is that only a name?"

"It's not a name," replied the doctor, "and it is really gathered from a thousand—I won't say a thousand, but from hundreds of flowers at any rate. That's tells, Nance."

"How could it be?" she protested doubtfully.

"Well," he replied, "I tell the truth. It is gathered from hundreds and hundreds of flowers. You can judge for yourself when I tell you what it chiefly is."

"Tell me," she commanded.

"Honey and beeswax and castile soap, the balm of a thousand flowers," he said.

"But the castile soap?" she insisted. He nodded.

"That's the only lye there is about it," he returned.

Grass That "Tires."

In some parts of New Mexico there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses, after eating the grass, in nearly all cases sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down.

It has occasionally happened that travelers have stopped to allow horses to feed in places where the grass grows pretty thickly and the animals have had time to eat a considerable quantity before its effects manifested themselves.

In such cases horses have gone to sleep on the road and it is hard to arouse them. The effect of the grass passes off in an hour or two, and no bad results have ever been noticed on account of it. Cattle on the ranches frequently come upon patches of this grass, where they feed for perhaps half an hour and then fall asleep for an hour or more, when they wake up and start feeding again. The programme is repeated perhaps a dozen times, until thirst obliges them to go to water.

Whether, like the poppy, the grass contains opium, or whether its sleep producing property is due to some other substance is not known.

Not Expecting a Flood.

An old lady recently bargained with a cabman standing outside Colchester railway station to take her into the town.

The sum being agreed upon, the dame returned into the station and soon reappeared with two parrots in cages, which she handed up to the cabman. Again she journeyed to the platform and brought out two cats. A third trip she made, bringing back a daintily dressed fox terrier, and a fourth expedition was interrupted by cabby exclaiming:

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you ain't expectin' a flood, I 'ope?"

"Dear me, no," was the reply. "Whatever made you ask that question, cabby?"

"Oh, it's all right, ma'am," said Jehu, "I thought I'd ask, 'cos I ain't certain as ow my horse can swim, and I fancied by the look of your luggage that you were a-takin' my keb for a Noah's ark!"—London Answers.

SERVANTS IN ECUADOR.

The Traveler Is Forced to Hire Many to Serve Him.

"If you were living in Ecuador and wished to hire a servant you could hardly get one by himself or herself, but would be compelled to take up with a drove of them, probably far outnumbering your own family. For example with a cook you would have to receive her husband and children, and perhaps also her father and mother, into your house to host and board, and each would bring along all his or her portable property, consisting mainly of domestic pets, such as pigs, chickens, rabbits, dogs and other "live stock." The husband may have some trade which he follows during the day, but at meal times and when night comes he returns to the bosom of his family and yours. It would be considered downright inhumanity to refuse them food and shelter, and not a servant in Ecuador would work for so mean a master or mistress. The children of your cook may be utilized for light services, such as running errands, weeding the garden and fondling the baby, but the humorous brood is apt to be light fingered and ready to be busy, dirty and probably diseased. There is no help for it, however, because "economize" has decreed that for every servant you hire you must expect at least a dozen extra mouths to feed.

Nor is this the worst of it. Occasionally the cook's relatives from another village come to pay her a visit of a fortnight or two—lasting as long as you will tolerate it—men, women and children, bringing more dogs, pigs, chickens, etc., to be housed and fed. Fortunately they are not accustomed to "downy beds of ease" or sumptuous living, but consider themselves in clover if plentifully supplied with beans, sour meal and potato soup, and will sleep contentedly on the stone of the patio or the straw of the stable. The danger is that some of the stranger hangers on may not be as honest as the cook herself is supposed to be, and cases are known where thieves and even murderers have gained admission to the abode of the —— with disastrous results.—Philadelphia Record.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Most of us look best at a little distance from one another.—Paul Kelver.

It's only in higher circles that women can lose fortunes and yet remain bewitching.—The Gray Wig.

No man who is not an egotist or worse is over sure of a woman's love till she has told it with her own lips.—His Daughter First.

When in doubt go to church, for there's nothing that lets a man think better than a long prayer and a slow sermon.—Adam Rush.

There are sixteen ounces to the pound still, but two of them are scrapping paper in a good many stores.—Letters of a Self Made Merchant.

I used to think that marriage made men out sober and suspicious. I find I was mistaken. It is not the wife, it is the money market.—"Love and the Soul Hunters."

I believe in having a good time when you start out to have it. If you get knocked out of one plan you want to get yourself another right quick, before your sporrits has a chance to fall.—"Lovey Mary."

How Climate Has Changed.

In Switzerland, a mean temperature equal to that of north Africa at the present time is shown by its fossil flora to have prevailed during the miocene or middle tertiary epoch. Anthropoid apes lived in Germany and France, fig and cinnamon trees flourished at Dantzic, in Greenland up to 70 degrees of latitude, magnolias bloomed and vines ripened their fruit, while in Spitzbergen and even in Grinnell Land, within little more than 8 degrees of the pole, swamp cypresses and walnuts, cedars, pines, planes and poplars grew freely, water lilies covered over standing pools and irises lifted their tall heads by the margins of streams and rivers.—Edinburgh Review.

When the Barber Was a Wit.

In original literature the barber is a great figure, and Arabian tales are full of him. In Italy and Spain he was often the brightest man in town, and his shop was headquarters for wit and intrigue. Jasimin became famous as a poet in southern France and recited his verses with razor, scissors, brush and comical gestures as he dressed the hair and beard of the ladies and gentlemen in his shop. He had a great run, made money, lived fame, and Snifles made a book about him.

Her Advantage.

"Oh, dear," said little Harold's mother, who was somewhat rheumatic, "I seem to ache all over."

"Well," said her sweet child, "I'm sorry, but not as sorry as I'd be for father if he felt that way."

"Why would you feel more sorry for your father, love?"

"'Cause they'd be such a lot more of him to ache."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prejudice.

Judge—Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Witness—I do.

Judge—What is your occupation?

Witness—I was employed in the weather bureau.

Judge—You are excused.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Bad Literature.

Philanthropist—You say bad literature brought you here? What made you read it?

Convict—I didn't—I wrote it. I was a poet an' had ter steal ter keep from starvin'.—Judge.

THE CLOSING SCENE

By HOWARD FIELDING

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I DO not know how much testimony would be required to authenticate such a story as this. Indeed I doubt whether any finite number of mere human witnesses could ever make me believe it. Half a dozen of the most credible people whom I know are agreed as to the facts, and I myself was present when the affair came to its close, yet I cannot make up my mind in regard to it.

The incidents as they are alleged to have taken place are exceedingly simple. Stanley Winthrop was a man who had been much given to athletic sports in his early life. When he was in college and I was a little smart-necked, freckled schoolboy I used to look up to him and envy his fame. He was the son of the richest man in our town.

Shortly after the close of his college life Winthrop inherited nearly all his father's property. He traveled for a few years and then settled down to a quiet and monotonous life in our town, which was nothing in the winter and not very much in the summer, to be frank about it.

When he was nearly forty years old he made a most unromantic match. He married a girl who had been born and bred in the town and was content to live there all her days with her husband. By that time I had sought wider fields, and my knowledge of Winthrop was derived from home letters and from brief renewals of acquaintance in summer vacations.

Mrs. Winthrop lived about two years in a placid state of beatitude, as I am informed, and then she died of pneumonia.

Some one wrote to me that Winthrop was taking his bereavement very hard, that his condition gave alarm to his sister and other near relatives who lived with him in the big house in Maynard, which is the name of our town. He seemed to show no power of recovery, no interest whatever in life. It was necessary, indeed, to take some pains with him in order that he might not neglect the proper nourishment of his body, for such an engine as that requires fuel.

Some weeks after receiving this account I received a letter from my mother. I will quote a few lines of it here:

"Stanley Winthrop does not improve in health, and he has made up his mind to travel for a few months, and they hope that that will benefit him. There is a strange story about this intention of his, and I am going to tell it to you, although you are such a skeptic that you will think it more nonsense. I had it from his sister, and it has impressed me very strongly.

"It seems that Stanley has slept very little, and that that has been the chief cause of their worrying about him. Last Tuesday morning when he came down to breakfast Marion, Winthrop's sister, remarked that he looked remarkably well. He told her that he had had a wonderful night's rest. There seemed to be some peculiar meaning in what he said, and she questioned him. He tried to avoid a direct answer until he became convinced that his silence would worry Marion more than the truth, and then he admitted having had a remarkable dream.

"It was no more than that he seemed to be in a room which was different from any that he could remember. He declined to describe it to Marion, but said that the impression which it made upon him was extremely vivid, so that he could not fail to recognize the room in case he should ever really see it. As I stood looking at it in my dream, said he, I began to wonder why I was there, and presently in the gentlest and best possible way that you can imagine the explanation took possession of my mind. That is the room where I shall die. I received no intimation as to when the event will occur, or how, or in what town or even in what land the room exists or will exist, but somewhere I shall find it, and I think you know that I shall not be sorry to see it.'

"These are Marion's words, her best recollection of his, as nearly as I can set them down. Marion was much affected. When he told her later in the day that he had made up his mind to travel she did not wish him to go, although she had previously urged that course upon him very strongly. She knows well enough that he is going in search of the room which he saw in his dream.

"The circumstances are known to the family, but little is said about it because Stanley naturally did not wish it to be publicly known that he attached any importance to a mere dream. So I would not speak of it if I were you, but I wish you would write me what you think about the matter.

I wrote to my mother very mildly that I did not see how any opinion could be expressed in this case during the life of Mr. Winthrop. It was important, in my way of thinking, that he should write down an accurate description of the room, and he might seal this document in an envelope to be opened after his death, in case he felt unwilling to discuss the matter openly at present. Before my mother received the letter containing this suggestion Stanley Winthrop had set out upon his travels.



"SHE MUST NOT COME IN."

He was absent about eighteen months, returning in late June, when the pretty town is at its best. I was informed that he had aged very much and that his wanderings had done him no good.

It had been my intention to spend that summer in Maynard, and I was glad to know that Winthrop was to be there, for I had come to like him exceedingly during my brief sight of him after his affliction. I arrived in Maynard on the 1st day of July, and in the afternoon I called on Winthrop. It was a very hot day, and he was in his room, which, because of its location, is exceptionally cool in summer. The window seat had been extended and cushioned since the date of my last view of the apartment, and it made a sort of couch, very comfortable and inviting. When Winthrop arose and came forward to greet me I perceived that he was quite feeble. It seemed impossible that a man whose figure still declared the great strength which he had once possessed should walk with the slow caution of an invalid while yet free of any grave disease. However, one may almost call grief a disease if one looks only at the symptoms, and certainly the continuous brooding upon an irremediable loss may be a matter for the anxious consideration of a doctor.

I led cheerfully to Winthrop, saying that he was looking very well.

"You're mighty comfortable here," I added. "They've changed the room all about since I had the pleasure of seeing it last. That's a great nook you have there by the window."

Standing by my side, he surveyed it with a smile.

"Curious idea," he said, waving his hand toward the farther end of the window seat, where something like the rolling arm of an old fashioned mahogany sofa had been placed to support the cushions. "Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Never," I replied.

"Marion did all this while I was away," said he. "I think she believed that this room had exercised a bad influence upon me. I had left it just as it used to be when—you understand."

"It's much more cheerful now," I hastened to say. "Marion is a great sister. You ought to be very good to her."

"I am going to be so good to her," he replied, "that I shall never tell her what she has done. I shall offer my thanks to her in secret, but I am going to tell you because you're a notorious skeptic and, furthermore, because you are a man who may be trusted to keep his own counsel. This thing may interest you."

He went to a desk in the corner and unlocked a drawer, from which he took a sealed envelope. Upon it were written in his hand this line, "To be opened after my death," and a date.

"Just before I went away," he said, putting his finger upon the date, "I carried this envelope with me and brought it back."

The last words were added with a peculiar expression. At that instant I knew what was in the envelope. The same idea that I had expressed to my mother had come to Winthrop. At his



"CURIOUS IDEA," HE SAID, WAVING HIS HAND.

How Indians Made Maple Sugar.

Ever since the Indians in the section of Vermont now known as Fletcher discovered "honey" in the maple trees that district has been known far and wide as the heart of the Vermont sugar country. The way the red men extracted the delicious compound was somewhat slow as compared with the present process. He used to cut a slanting gash in the bark and insert in the lower end a gauge shaped piece of wood, from which the sap ran and dropped into a poplar or basswood trough. At the end of the season these troughs would be set up against the trees and left until the following season, by which time the troughs would be thoroughly mildewed.

This materially added to the flavor of the aboriginal sugar, but can hardly be said to have improved it. The evaporator of those times consisted of an iron kettle swung from a sapling bent over a stump. By a slow and tedious process the sap was first heated and then boiled in this kettle, often taking two or three days' boiling before it could be sugared off. This was the way in which the redskins and the early Vermonters shot out a sweetness of their feet and johnnycake.

A Clever French Captive.

A person who was supposed to be the French General Moulon, count de Lorn, was once captured by an English vessel, but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Comte de Montrond. "Why did you deceive me?" he hummed angrily of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied Montrond; "not at all. You thought I was General Moulon. You told me so. You gave a fifty gun frigate. Was it for me, who have only a pocket pistol, to contradict you?"

The captain did not forgive Montrond and took every opportunity to treat him coldly. One evening at dinner some one proposed the health of the French. As Montrond rose to acknowledge it the captain cried, "They are all cowards!" I make no exceptions!" When Montrond's turn came he gave this sentiment: "The English—they are all gentlemen, but I make exceptions."

How Green Turtles Feed.

The green turtles of southern Florida live in deep water and feed on sea plants, mostly the kind called "turtle grass," which they cut off near the roots, eating the lower parts and leaving the tops floating so that it collects in great beds and marks the spots where the animals are to be hunted for by the fishermen. After browsing on such ocean pastures the green turtles go to the mouths of rivers for baths of fresh water, which they seem to need from time to time. The Florida fishermen say the reptiles enter the creeks until full, together masses of grass, cementing them into balls with clay. When the turn of the tide takes the balls out to sea they follow them. The fishermen watch for such balls floating down the creeks, and when they see them they stretch nets across the mouths of the streams and always catch the turtles.

How Pausanias Died.

Pausanias, the Greek general, died by self administered poison. When hotly pressed by those sent to apprehend him on a charge of treason and sacrilege he took refuge in the same chancel of a temple. Unable to remove him by force and also unwilling to violate the sanctuary, the officers walled up the entrance and began to unroof the building. When he could be seen they noticed that he was chewing something which proved to be a quill filled with poison. By the time the work had sufficiently advanced to admit of their entrance he was in a dying condition.

The Anker Fish.

The anker fish, half fish, half crab, is the terror of all vessels but iron clads that use the south seas. This creature, which is not bigger than an almond, has a proboscis like an enormous gnat sting that can bore through even sheet iron. Anker fish frequent many of the lagoons of the coral islands and burrow holes for themselves in the coral, but they have a perverse habit of doing the same thing to ships lying at anchor, and the damage generally shows itself when next the vessel is at sea in bad weather—with disastrous results.

Molasses and Salt Poultice.

What is said to be an infallible remedy for sprains and bruises attended with painful inflammation is a poultice of hot molasses and salt. Stir the molasses so stiff with salt that the poultice can be held in place by a muslin bandage and wrap the affected parts well, so as to retain the heat as long as possible. This is good for beasts as well as human beings.

Very Nice Indeed.

Mrs. Gadd—Wouldn't it be grand if science should discover the moon to be inhabited and hit on some way to talk with our lunar neighbors?

Mrs. Gabb—Indeed it would. They would be near enough to talk to, yet not near enough to be running in at all hours of the day, you know.

The One Thing Free.

"He took some fine views with his camera."

"Yes. There was nothing else he could take without having it charged up extra in the hotel bill."—Chicago Post.

The Main Point.

Therese—It must have been a terrible shock for you when you heard of the death of your aunt, was it not?

Helene—Oh no; I had still my new black silk dress.—Lustige Blatter.

Just Begun.

Pleasant Old Gentleman—Have you lived here all your life, my little man?

Arthur (aged six)—Not yet.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

AFTER MANY DAYS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Here I be again, Miss Wilbur," a blithe voice called, "beggin' for flowers this time. The cows have eaten ours off clean, an' we must have a good spread for our company."

A cluster of freshly opened roses called her attention, and she ran forward to smell of them. At length she came back with flushed face and sparkling eyes. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Wilbur!" she cried roguishly. "He's come—Alfred Gray, the man I'm to marry, you know."

Miss Wilbur's hand closed a little more closely upon her pruning shears, but her face was calm, even smiling. Yes, she had heard the rumor.

"I thought he was not expected until next week," she observed. "At least that is what the paper said."

"Oh, I don't know," doubtfully. "We don't have a paper. But I think Charlie was expectin' him before next week. Mr. Gray's goin' to stay with him. They used to know each other. But there! I'd better get the flowers an' be goin'. They're all comin' up this evenin', an' ma said for me to hurry back an' get through with my fixin' an' fussin'. An', say, Miss Wilbur, if you don't mind, I'd like to bring him up to see you 'fore he goes," looking up with a shy, pleading expression on her baby face.

"Of course," the strained lips forced themselves to say, "you must bring him by all means."

But after the girl's departure Miss Wilbur left the flowers and hurried away to the seclusion of her own room. Bring him to her, this young girl who had been but a baby when they two had been so much to each other! What



"ALFRED!" SHE SAID, AS SHE WENT FORWARD WITH EXTENDED HANDS.

did it mean? And he had not even written to her or in any way announced his coming.

A week later she sat on the porch with her eyes fixed on the last visible point of the street before it was shut out by the althea hedge. A firm, eager step came up the sidewalk from the opposite direction, but she did not notice until her gate latch clicked; then she turned inquiringly.

She knew him in an instant, for the years had brought but a stronger step and nobler carriage, with perhaps a too liberal sprinkling of gray hair. She was conscious of a curious thrill of awe and tenderness as she rose from her chair, for even in that brief instant she remembered that there was not a single gray intruder among her own soft hair, and his she associated with the work which had conquered obstacles and adversity.

"Alfred!" she said as she went forward with extended hands.

"Elizabeth!"

"Come up on the veranda, Alfred," she said, with her eyes full of frank welcome. "I want to hear all about it. Of course I know in a fragmentary way, but it will seem new and more real from your lips."

And he told her, sitting in his old place behind the honeysuckle, with the swaying sprays sending alternate lines of sunshine and shade across his face in the same old way. And she listened with eyes full, lips half parted and with her head nodding commendation or sympathy from time to time. It was a story of heroism and triumph, told in a straightforward, matter of fact way, without egotism or self depreciation, knowing it was her right to have it entire even as he had lived it.

"But it is good to be home again, Elizabeth," he concluded, with a satisfied sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and surveyed the veranda and the flower garden beyond. "The memory of these flowers and their owner has been with me through all the twenty years I have been away. Many times have I been on the point of giving up and returning to them, and, indeed," a trace of reserve coming into his voice, "I might have done so but for what you said and the look you gave me when we last stood together among your honeysuckles. I knew I could only return to the sentence of a deserter who had forsaken his colors."

She was looking at him in a wondering, startled way, with the color coming softly into her face.

"But—you never wrote, Alfred."

"Yes, twice. One of the letters was lost, however, for I heard later of the ship's going down in midocean."

"I never received it." Then, "But you have been in the place a week, Alfred, and only just called."

He looked puzzled. "I came in on the train an hour ago, Elizabeth, and would have been here before but for a complication over a telegram. It seems there is another man of the same name in town."

"But Susie?"

"Never mind Susie, whoever she may be. I have gone through my probation and have done my work with all the strength that God gave me. Now I have come 10,000 miles for my reward—for you. If there is more work, bid me do it; but for charity's sake do not refuse your companionship in the labor."

She was not looking at him now. Her heart was too full for speech, almost for thought. The dog rubbed against her, and an oriole lifted up his voice in a sudden ecstasy of song. She stroked the one tremulously and looked at the other with the tenderness of the great joy that had come to her.

Then the gate clicked, and she roused herself with an effort. A young man whom she did not know stood before her, and with him was Susie.

"I've brought him at last, Miss Wilbur," the girl cried merrily. "But—I just had to drag him, he's so bashful. Mr. Gray, this is my Sunday school teacher I told you about." Then, disregarding further formality, and with bubbling gladness in her voice, "An', oh, say, Miss Wilbur, we've coaxed him to stay with us for good an' all. He's goin' to open a grocery next the post office." Here she caught sight of the gray haired, soldierly figure in the background and stopped in sudden confusion.

"This is Mr. Gray, too, Susie," Miss Wilbur said, with something in her voice which the girl could not understand, "and we, too, are—going to be married."

Very Narrow Escape.

A queer, reminiscential gleam crept into the eyes of the barber with the long, low, rakish forehead as he suddenly rested his razor while shaving the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's apple.

The customer blinked and breathed hard, the shaved side of his face being nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving arm.

He sat up straight in the chair with a wild look, and then made a bolt for the door.

"Wow!" he yelled as he went. "What an escape! King Louis XIV.! Bug house! He wouldn't have done a thing to me!" And, with a towel streaming in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he loped down the street.

"Well, I'll be dadfinged!" muttered the barber. "Now, what kind of cogs has that fellow got in his conk? I was only trying to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him going after the mile record."—Detroit Free Press.

The Oldest Joke.

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago.

According to ancient records there dwelt between these two craftsmen a quiet man whose desire was for peace and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did; each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply. "And you?" queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?" "To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales told in all ages which are woven into myth and legend and differ only in local color.

Ball Play In Church.

Was ball playing in church ever allowed?

In the fourteenth century, at Chester and at other places in England, ball playing on Easter Monday was universal in every rank. Even the clergy could not forego its delights and made this game a part of the service. Bishop or dean took the ball into the church, of a size not to be grasped by one hand, and, at the opening of the antiphone, began to dance to its time, throwing the ball to the choristers, who tossed it on from one to another. All presently retired for refreshment, which consisted of a gammon of bacon and a tansy pudding to symbolize the bitter herbs appropriate to the paschal feast.

An old rhyme commemorates these curious customs thus:

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes or wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have and me
And my misfortunes all.

Fatal Error.

Tess—So their engagement is broken off?

Jess—Yes; they quarreled, and she was in the wrong.

Tess—And she wouldn't admit it?

Jess—No; that was the whole trouble. She did admit it, and after that he simply became unbearable.—Philadelphia Press.

Where It Wouldn't Work.

His Teacher—Don't you know, Tommy, you should not let your left hand know what your right hand does?

Tommy—Yes'm, but you've just got to take both hands when you want to tie a tin can to a dog's tail.—Chicago Tribune.

THE AGILE OSPREY.

A Hungry Bird and a Tragedy of a Trout Stream.

A big brown and white bird came sailing up the trout stream, his long wings stretched far out to right and left. He flew slowly, for he was looking for something—something that he wanted very much. He was doing his family marketing. Up at the top of a big pine tree a mile away his wife was sitting on a nest full of eggs, and it was both his duty and his pleasure to find a supper for her. Suddenly he stopped short. He had caught sight of the thing for which he was searching—a dusky, shadowy shape, with an outline like that of a submarine torpedo boat, lying moveless in the clear water. For just an instant he seemed to hang poised in the air, but it was only long enough to change the direction of his motion; then down he went with a rush and a swoop.

The brook trout saw him coming and tried to dart away, but it was too late. With a mighty splash the osprey struck the stream and went clear under and out of sight, while the water boiled and surged over him. He could not see for the commotion about him, but his aim had been true, and his outstretched—feet touched a slippery, slimy, wriggling body that was just beginning to gather headway.

Quicker than a wink his toes closed about it and his sharp talons sank deep into the trout's flesh. Then up he came, rising out of the stream like some fabled monster of old and shaking the water from his feathers in a shower of flying drops. Every thread of muscle in his wings and breast was working with all its might to lift that heavy trout. Up went the bird's great pinions till they were straight above him; then down they came, lashing the air like whips. Up again and down, up and down, up and down, harder and faster and fiercer, and little by little he and his victim rose from the stream till at last they were clear of the tree tops, then straight away to the nest in the old pine, where the wife was waiting to make them both welcome.—W. D. Hulbert in Leslie's Monthly.

PITH AND POINT.

The more culture the less jewelry.

Night is only a tunnel to him who travels toward hope.

What some folks call luck is in reality disaster to them.

It is love of virtue, not fear of laws, that makes civilization.

A man's business may be a success and yet the man a failure.

Don't weep over a bad crop. Get your land ready and sow again.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

Whatever you may have in your purse, carry hope in your heart and spend it freely.

There is no law against laughter, my friend. You are here on earth and entitled to its sunshine.

What fortunes are wasted by men and women who are struggling to know those who are hardly worth knowing!

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.—Schoolmaster.

The Travels of a Jewel.

Fanny Kemble when in the United States years ago was persecuted by the attentions of a wealthy lunatic. When finally rejected by her he flung a package upon the table, exclaiming, "Well, at least take this!" and disappeared. The parcel proved to contain a very beautiful jewel. The actress was not long permitted to retain it. She saw no more of her persecutor, but did not remain under any sense of obligation to him. The gem was stolen from her before she quitted the United States. She forgot all about it in the course of the years that followed. A very long time afterward she was in Italy. A peddler displayed the contents of his pack before her at Sorrento. There lay the long lost jewel. Through whose hands it had passed there was nothing to show.

Peppermint Drops.

To make peppermint drops take a cupful of sugar crushed fine and just moistened with boiling water; then boil five minutes; take from the fire and add cream of tartar the size of a pea; mix well and add half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint; beat briskly until mixture whitens, then drop quickly upon white paper, have cream of tartar and essence of peppermint measured while the sugar is boiling; if it sugars before it is all dropped add a little water and boil a minute or two. Wintergreen drops are made the same way by using half a teaspoonful of essence of wintergreen.

The White Man In Africa.

"The footprint of the white man is like the footprint of the elephant," says a Swazi native proverb; "it remains in the ground."

Another proverb: "White men are like and yet unlike quails. When you see one in your country you will soon see a flock. But the quails leave you again, the white men never."

Comparing Notes.

"So Mr. Smilax told you his heart was broken when you refused him," said Maud.

"Yes," answered Mamie.

"The impudence of him to offer me damaged goods the next day!"—Washington Star.

Dangerous.

"To tell you the truth"—

"Sh-sh-sh! Don't try it, old man! George Washington did that once, and look at him now—he's dead!"—Baltimore News.

The Way With Bills.

Husband—You must try to keep our bills down.

Wife—I do, but they're always running up.—Baltimore American.

Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

SECRETS OF THE BODY.

The Progress Science Has Made In Two Hundred Years.

A century ago the work of the modern surgeon would have been denounced by the theologians, who then ruled mankind, as audacious intrusions into the exclusive jurisdiction of God. Two centuries ago, or, at the furthest, three, the man of science who would take out the viscera of a man, cut out their disease and put them back would have been fortunate to escape the stake or the block. But the audacious invader of the secrets of the body, the beneficent healer who, with his vial or his knife, lessens the miseries of humanity, diminishes or destroys pain, prolongs life and smooths its pathway to the grave—this is now the man who appeals most strongly to his fellow beings. For him and his training the captains of industry are pouring out their millions, building him colleges and laboratories, endowing professorships, while the world at large hails him as a man of power and influence at a time when wealth is accumulating and when men are not decaying. More and more, very likely, we shall see the strong men of the college classes choosing medicine, although the time has not yet come for domination over the lawyer, who is now engaged in settling the direction and the form in which the captains of industry shall carry on their development of the world's wealth. The time seems to be coming, however, when the indefinite prolongation of human life and the destruction of the enemies of human health, a work which almost suggests the creative power, will be the task that will call for and will receive the service of the best training of our colleges and universities—that is, when the appeal of medicine and surgery will be addressed inevitably to the best in every college class, just as once the call came from the ministry and then from the bench and bar and senate house.—Harper's Weekly.

WHAT "WHIRLERS" ARE.

And the Incident From Which It Is Said They Got Their Name.

"There was a dealer in haberdashery," said a college professor, "to whom a teamster once came and said, 'I want to get a pair of whirlers, sir.'

"'Whirlers?' said the haberdasher. 'What on earth are whirlers?'

"'Why, stockings with the feet cut out,' the teamster answered.

"'Oh,' said the haberdasher. 'Well, I haven't any whirlers, but I've got some very excellent stockings. Suppose I show you some.'

"'All right,' the teamster said.

"So the haberdasher exhibited the best stockings he had in his shop, and the other selected a fine pair, saying:

"'I suppose you don't mind making whirlers out of them for me?'

"'Not at all,' retorted the other, and with a pair of shears he cut the feet off the stockings.

"'Now,' said the teamster, 'how much are they?'

"'Fifty cents, the same as before, of course.'

"'Fifty cents? Why, I never paid more than 10 cents anywhere,' said the teamster, and he smiled meaningly and made as if to depart.

"'Hold on!' the haberdasher cried. 'Don't leave me in a lurch like this. The price of these stockings is 50 cents.'

"'They're whirlers, not stockings, now,' the other said.

"'Well, take them, then. You've done me. Take your whirlers,' said the haberdasher.

"And since that time," the professor concluded, "whirlers has been the name for stockings without feet."—New York Tribune.

A Cold Blooded Gambler.

The French court was at one time a hotbed of gambling. Louis XIV. would play for heavy stakes night after night, and many courtiers were ruined at his table. His successor, who lacked his predecessor's geniality and good nature, was an even greater devotee of the card table. The story is told that when this king was playing one evening a gentleman present was seized with apoplexy. "M. de Chauvelin is ill," one of the courtiers ventured to tell Louis. "Ill!" said the king, quite unmoved. "He is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen."

Instincts That Lead to Death.

Professor Mivart proved that there are "instincts" that lead to death by failing to adapt themselves to a change of circumstances. Migratory quail by thousands perish in the deserts of northern Africa, where their ancestors used to find a comfortable winter resort, abounding with forests and even with grain fields, if we shall credit Pliny's account of the Numidian coast lands. The forests are gone, but myriads of quail still follow in the same route at the risk of starvation.

He Didn't Know the Sex.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?

Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two dollar hat than in the one that cost twenty.—Judge.

With Good Reason.

She—Now that we are going to be married we must begin to save. Promise me you will do nothing you cannot afford.

He—But in that case I would have to break off the engagement.—Life.

Grown Cautious.

"What kind of weather do you think we are going to have tomorrow?"

"The indications," said the professional prophet, "point to more rain, but I have no personal opinion on the subject whatever."—Washington Star.

Gold melts at a temperature of 1240 degrees C. or 2264 degrees F. Lead melts at 626 degrees F. and wax at 149 degrees F.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a ship without ballast.

BRUTES GIVEN TO DRINK.

Many Animals Become Intoxicated on Nature's Beverages.

Although it has often been said when speaking of drunkards that even the beasts of the field do not get drunk it is nevertheless a fact that a great many animals do get intoxicated. Take the elephant, for instance. He is particularly fond of the fruit of the ungand tree, and although he appears to have some idea that it is not good for him he will go on eating when he has once begun until he is wildly excited and so intoxicated that he will stagger from side to side. Every now and then he will pull himself up, shake his huge head and tear madly through the forest, trumpeting at the top of his voice and terrifying every living creature. It is said that he will even dare and defy his most dreaded enemy, the tiger, when in this condition, but we have no means of verifying this. It is well known, however, that an elephant is in a most dangerous condition when suffering from the effects of eating this beautiful fruit, and all who can take care to keep out of his way as much as possible.

The sloth bear is another animal given to this failing. The natives of India are in the habit of hanging little vessels on the palm trees for the purpose of catching the juice. This juice is so attractive to the sloth bear that, although such a poor climber, he will scramble up and go on drinking the juice until he is so drunk that he can only slip helplessly to the ground and lie there in a drunken stupor until the effects have passed off.

But the sloth bear is not the only animal who is so partial to this juice of the palm tree. The curious fruit (or fox) bats (family pteropodidae) are particularly fond of it. This peculiar little combination of beast and bird, with its foxlike face, reddish, furry body and black, uncanny looking wings, the delicate membrane of which is always quivering down to the very tips, will fly to these vessels in company with some hundreds of his companions and they will suck the juice until the ground below the tree will be dark with the bodies of these bats, who will lie there too helplessly intoxicated to move or defend themselves no matter what may turn up.

The biggest drunkard of all is perhaps the palm civet. So addicted is this animal to the drinking habit that he has been termed the toddy cat, and a more helpless, foolish looking creature than he is when he is thoroughly intoxicated with the palm juice it would be difficult to find. There are many other animals given to this failing, but all those I have spoken of live in India, and it may be that the heat which induces extreme thirst, a frequent excuse among men, is the direct cause of it.—Collier's Weekly.

Max O'Rell's Adder.

During his tour through Australia many years ago death was once close upon Max O'Rell, as it seemed to him at the time. Lying in bed one night in a bush hostelry, worried by mosquitoes and thinking of the snakes against which he had been warned, he became aware of the presence alongside of him of a cold, treacherous snake, probably a death adder, as it was only about three feet long. Death from the bite of this playful adder is rapid and painless, and the Frenchman recorded afterward his reflection that it was better perhaps to die that way than by gout or rheumatism. After an hour of agony, however, he slipped out of bed, struck a light and went about the room searching for the walking stick he had carried especially for defense against reptiles. After a weary and nervous hunt he found it at last among the disordered bedclothes.

Custom Of Sh... To a Dog.

A certain Pomeranian ... a most extraordinary habit at mealtimes which appears worth recording. This ... is ... bread and milk. It consists in first wiping the nose smartly to and fro on the flannel on which the dish lies, and this is repeated between each mouthful. To such an extent is this eccentricity carried that she refuses this kind of food altogether if there is no flannel to wipe her nose on. The curious part of the whole episode is that there is none of this wiping with bread sopped in gravy. It seems to be suggested by some irritation peculiar to warm milk.—London Times.

Set Him to Thinking.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically:

"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

"Indeed it must," was his response.

Then, after awhile, with sympathetic disingenuousness, she exclaimed:

"It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it!"

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—Browning's Monthly.

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